

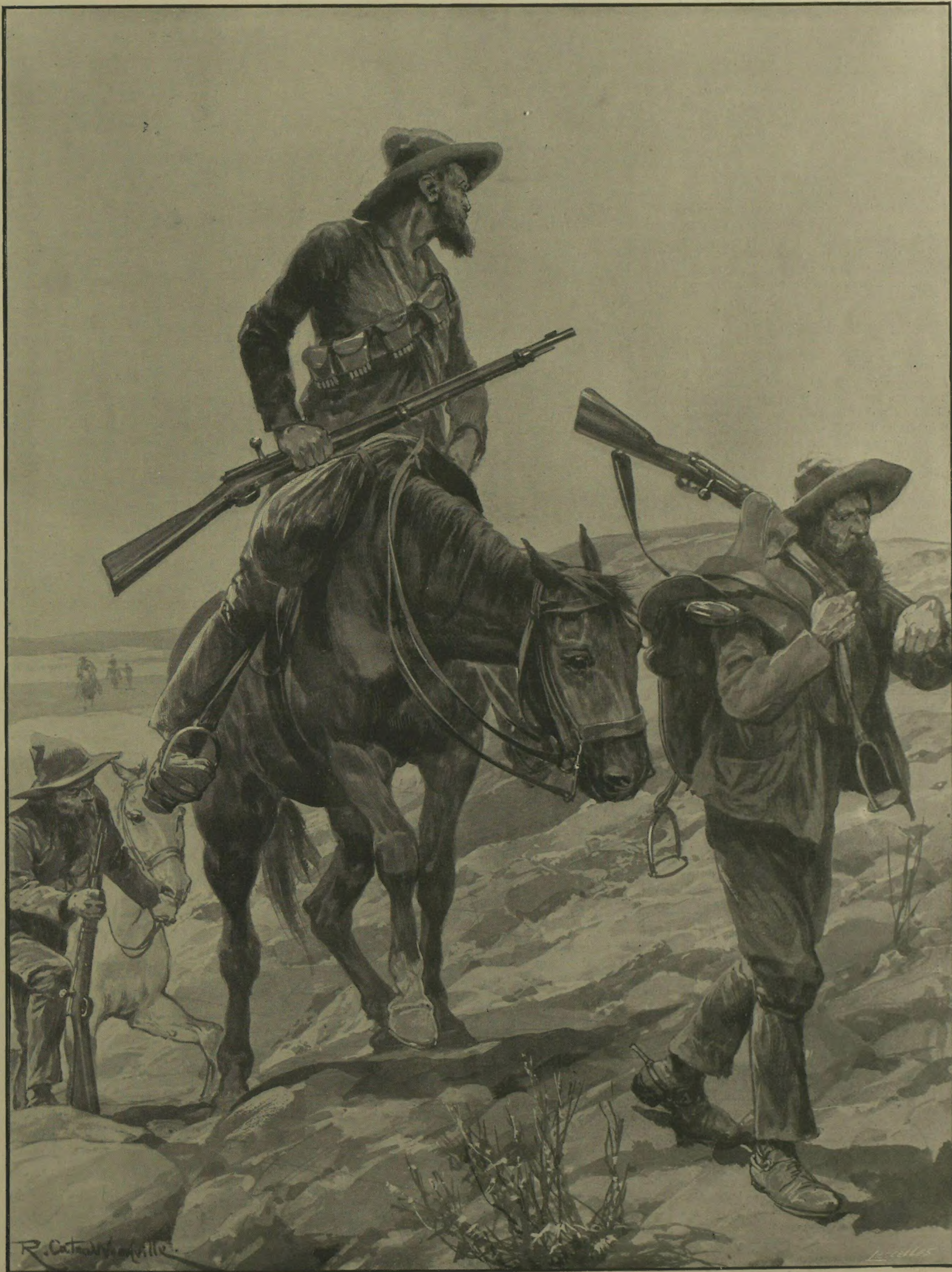
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1902.

WITH FOUR-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.



HUNTED.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

From a letter addressed to the Editor of this Journal, and headed "A Protest," in red ink, I learn that my opinions are distasteful to Mr. Hugh Jones, of Düsseldorf. As a representative of "educated German society," he objects strongly to my strictures on the German attitude towards this country. "It is not true," says Mr. Jones, "that the higher classes in German society revile the war or the English nation. The army, and the greater army of civil officials, take their tone from the Emperor, who is friendly." Indeed! When Mr. Chamberlain claimed for the British soldier as high a standard of honour and humanity as that of the German soldier, what happened? Did the German officials, military and civil, recognise the justice of this answer to the monstrous aspersions on the character of our troops? Mr. Jones knows, or ought to know, that many of them responded with abuse. They accused the British soldier of abominable acts, and declared that the comparison instituted by Mr. Chamberlain was an insult to Germany. There was a meeting in Berlin attended by the leading professors of the Berlin University, who, I presume, are even more closely connected with "educated German society" than Mr. Jones of Düsseldorf. They reviled the war and the English nation in the strongest terms. They said that the blood shed by Germany in her struggle with France was outraged by the assertion that Tommy Atkins is as humane as the German conscript. And Count von Bülow, who has a better title, I imagine, than Mr. Jones to speak for the German people, had the effrontery to pretend in the Reichstag that Mr. Chamberlain had cast a slur on the German army.

It is possible that at Düsseldorf the personal magnetism of Mr. Jones has brought about a reaction in our favour. Unhappily he cannot be everywhere. I daresay that German society would eventually take its tone from Mr. Jones if it knew enough about him, though its notorious hostility to the Emperor's views would make his task rather difficult. If Mr. Jones had sat in the Reichstag, he might have prevented its educated members from quoting as trustworthy authority the book of the blackguard Vallentin. Had he attended the Berlin meeting, he might have pointed out that all the attacks upon the British troops in the German Universities, newspapers, pulpits, literature, art, and philanthropy were inspired by venomous lies. He might have dissuaded that astonishing committee of Bavarian ladies from offering a wanton insult to representative Englishwomen. "What do these Bavarian women suppose we are made of?" said an English lady to me. "I have a brother at the front, and I am told by these people to believe that he and his fellow-officers and the men under their command are fiends in human shape!" Mr. Jones, by unparalleled exertions, might have turned the current of German opinion. But he is so little conscious of his opportunities that he quarrels with me for reciting the facts which, though they may be forgotten at Düsseldorf, are burnt into the memory of the English nation.

I have received a copy of a correspondence between the Board of Agriculture and Mr. Fred Pirkis, Chairman of the National Canine Defence League. Mr. Pirkis wanted to know why the Board had imposed a six months' quarantine on imported dogs, seeing that so high a scientific authority as Professor Victor Horsley had declared six weeks to be the longest period for the incubation of rabies. This looked like a heavy score for Mr. Pirkis, whose way of putting a case is admirably concise. But the Board is well used to controversy, and it produced two dogs, convicted of rabies in 1895, in the one instance four months and a half, and in the other six months and a half, after alleged contact with a rabid animal. This looked black, and I turned again to Mr. Pirkis with some anxiety. But he was undismayed. Both dogs were apparently convicted by autopsy, and there is scientific testimony that a post-mortem examination for this purpose is untrustworthy. But Mr. Pirkis made a more telling point by seizing on the admission of the Board that only two cases of abnormal incubation in dogs are recorded in seven years. "Medical and sanitary regulations," he said, "are invariably framed to meet, not the abnormal, but the average conditions of disease." To this the Board made no rejoinder, and it seems to me that the honours of the combat remained with Mr. Pirkis.

Yes; but although Mr. Pirkis has the last and most impressive word, the Board has the dogs in quarantine. Moreover, it has a tale of a dog which, to serve some private ends, bit a cat, a heifer, a sow, a bull, and a mare, all of which animals died untimely. This episode has suggested to me a woeful new ballad—

"O Shepherd, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?"
"Alas! dear maid, in quarantine
Your Flora weeps away."

"Her haunches sweet are shaven sheen,
Elsewhere thick wool doth grow;
O Shepherd, don't you think it mean
To nab my little Flo?"

"Dear maid, I had a gentle Queen,
A sheep-dog full of glee,
With just a passing touch of spleen,
Quite trivial to me.

"She sported gaily o'er the green,
As only sheep-dog can;
Cats, heifers, sows, they swore, went clean
Demented as she ran!"

"But, Shepherd, for this tale, I ween,
No tears of mine can flow;
My Flora pines in quarantine;
Why do they treat her so?"

"Dear maid, to incubate the spleen
Six moons must needs be full,
And then your poodle may be keen
To bite a cock and bull!"

I have been studying with bated breath the Annual Report of the Stewart Society. This imposing corporation consists of "gentlemen bearing by birthright or descent the surname of Stewart, Stuart, Steuart, or Steward," of "ladies of the name by birth or marriage, and members of septs historically connected with the House of Stewart and its branches." With so comprehensive a sloop, what wonder that the Society is spreading over Britain, and contemplating offshoots in distant lands! Originally there were two Stewart clans; but they amalgamated, all except "a few irreconcilables." I feel uneasy about those "irreconcilables." Will they take to the Highlands, glower at the Sassenach in the most frequented inns, and drink to the ghost of Prince Charlie over the water? It is a comfort to know that a Stewart may spell his name four different ways without being accused of illiteracy, like Shakspeare. The name that strikes me most is that of Colonel J. A. Man Stuart, C.B., C.M.G. I wonder whether this gallant officer has ever reflected with pride that the Roundheads used to speak of King Charles, of blessed memory, as "the Man Charles Stuart." One object of the Society seems to be what I may venture to call an honourable superfluity: "the promotion among Scotsmen in general, and members of the Stewart Society in particular, of increased interest in all matters affecting the reputation and prosperity of their country."

Never have I met a Scot who neglected to embellish our converse with that reputation and prosperity. It is not an overweening pride, but just pride enough; whereas an Englishman is so shy of his country's merits that he will often forget to mention them, and sometimes will even dwell exclusively upon the merits of a distant people with whom we chance to be at loggerheads. There is nothing of this, I fancy, in the conferences of the Stewart Society. I notice that it proposes to publish a magazine, in which, no doubt, all the poets and philosophers will sign themselves Stewart or Stuart, or Steuart or Steward. Some of the Society's ample funds (how Scottish is that amplitude!) are to be spent on "the higher education of young men of the name of Stewart (in any of its forms)." Why was I not born a Stewart? However, I am looking into my genealogy with the hope of finding that my family belongs to a sept historically connected with the House of Stewart and its branches. You never know where this kind of quest will lead you. Ibsen, it has been discovered, is more of a Scot than a Norseman, and claims descent from the sister of Robert Bruce. It is comforting to think that if any reigning dynasty should die out, the Stewart Society can supply enough occupants for vacant thrones, with ancestral dignities that will strike any caviller dumb, except those "irreconcilables" whose slogan is "disturbing the Highlands."

It is not easy to graft the traditions of one race upon another. The American school-teachers in the Philippines are pained by the contempt of the little Filipinos for the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. In one school the teacher related the old story very impressively; but when she came to young Washington's confession, "I cannot tell a lie, father. I cut down the tree with my little hatchet," her pupils burst into a derisive shout, "What a booby!" Worse than that, several parents, who were listening to the instruction, expressed their compassion for Washington's mother. "Poor mother, to have had such a booby son!" This is said to have unnerved the teacher. She had not reckoned with the frank unreadiness of an Oriental people to accept a standard of rectitude which, perhaps, is a trifle high even for Occidental practice. However, the little Filipinos cannot hear too much about George Washington, and it may be hoped that they will never hear of "Boss" Croker. Their educational prospects would be all the happier if they could be kept in ignorance of the American sentimentalism, which does its best to weaken the hands of the American authorities in this Philippine War. The sentimentalists imagine that the Filipino guerillas are noble warriors, "struggling to be free." Mr. Roosevelt has more accurately described them as brigands and ruffians.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour introduced the Education Bill. He said our educational system was antiquated and ineffective. The country School Boards had done excellent work, but it was necessary to supersede them by placing full control of local education in the hands of the rating authority. This authority would be the County Council in counties, and the Borough Council in county boroughs. These authorities would entrust the work to committees, partly appointed by themselves, and partly by other bodies. They would be empowered to levy a school rate of twopence in the pound. All these powers, however, would be purely permissive, the municipal bodies deciding to take over the educational responsibility or not. The Voluntary schools would participate in the rate because they taught three million children, and their work had been grievously hampered by lack of funds. London was not included in the Bill, and would have to be separately dealt with next year.

These proposals had a favourable reception, though Dr. Macnamara condemned the permissive character of the Bill, and Mr. Bryce protested against the provision for denominational education. He questioned whether there would be any popular impulse behind the new educational committee. Mr. Haldane thought well of the Bill, and Sir Albert Rollit believed it was a great step towards the co-ordination of educational agencies.

A debate on the South African War led to some heated scenes. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman complained that he had been called a "Pro-Boer," and repudiated the term as a "malignant slander." He wanted to know why the Government were altering the laws in the Transvaal, instead of waiting for the final settlement. Mr. Chamberlain said that the Leader of the Opposition had slandered both the Army and the Government, that his language and his acts were those of a "Pro-Boer," and that he (Mr. Chamberlain) would continue to use that epithet. The Government were altering the laws in the Transvaal because this was necessary to the reorganisation of the country. He estimated that there were still 9000 burghers in the field. Mr. Lloyd-George severely criticised the miscalculations of the Government, and accused them of concealing or minimising British reverses. Mr. Brodrick said that Mr. Lloyd-George had done his best to magnify every British reverse and to treat unimportant skirmishes as important battles.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S," AT THE CRITERION.

Of a farce which combines the maximum of suggestiveness with a minimum of fun there can be no defence—it has no reason for existence; so the less said of "The Girl from Maxim's" the better—enough that this latest adaptation "from the French" is at once vulgarly gross and deplorably dull. Whatever may have been the vivacity of M. Feydeau's original play, the English, or, rather, American version, presents merely a mechanical series of hackneyed complications, sordid consequences of the inevitable midnight debauch, such as induce weariness instead of amusement. The improprieties of the Criterion piece are altogether too offensive for discussion; its ineptitude may be judged from the fact that the main business of the heroine—a masquerading dancer of a notorious type—is to teach half-shocked, half-emulative provincial ladies the mysteries of the high kick and the can-can. Miss Beatrice Ferrar in the title rôle wears the most startling of costumes, and assumes the most audacious attitudes with, perhaps, quite sufficient abandon; but neither she nor her chief supporters, Mr. Garden, Mr. Standing, and Mr. Robson, can render "The Girl from Maxim's" even moderately entertaining.

MR. JAMES WELCH AT THE COMEDY.

The cleverest of comedians is hampered when compelled to duplicate in a comedietta the kind of part which he acts in the play of the evening. "Judged by Appearances," a one-act farce, written by Mr. Frederick Fenn, and played as first piece in the new Comedy bill, suffers from the disadvantage of merely exhibiting Mr. James Welch in that rôle of the timid man vindicating his courage which he assumes so quaintly in "The New Clown." The spectacle of a young husband trying and failing to muster up pluck enough to blow out his brains, and then endeavouring, first by threats and then by kicks, to persuade an intending burglar to perform this office, is sufficiently amusing and whimsical in a general way; but in this particular case a feeling of monotony is produced, for the "curtain-raiser" happens to anticipate the humours of the principal piece.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE ALHAMBRA.

At the Alhambra Theatre, where the dainty vocal ballet "Gretna Green" is still retained, and there is promised a new Japanese divertissement, the striking "turn" of the current week is provided by Señorita Lola Yberri, "la belle Mexicaine," who has already obtained considerable success in New York as a dancer of the Spanish school, and introduces on her London début a "terpsichorean fantasy" descriptive of "A Dream of the Dance."

This pleasing entertainment, which is adorned by charming floral effects, novel illusions, and beautiful dresses, is really a series of dances more or less historically illustrative, and comprising (so far as these can be known—or imagined) the savage, Egyptian, Greek, Oriental, Spanish, French Empire, English, and "Twentieth Century" species. Various clever acrobats and variety artists, as well as Miss Lil Hawthorne, the singer, are also included in the Alhambra's capital company.

THE LAST COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The last Covent Garden ball of the season took place on Friday evening, March 21, and proved a proper ending of Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth's successful series of fancy-dress dances. Such of the prize-winning designs as were not floral, comic, or generally fanciful, had topical reference to the fashionable games of the moment, or to the coming Easter-tide, and it was fitting enough that the costume of the evening should be Mr. Clarkson's "Fleur de Coronation." In accordance with recent custom, the cake walk was made a special element in a long and enjoyable programme.

MR. CECIL RHODES'S RESIDENCE.

Groote Schuur, Mr. Cecil Rhodes's house at Rondebosch, near Cape Town, is the second of its name, the first having been destroyed by fire in 1896, on the eve of a demonstration prepared by the Premier's admirers before his departure for England. The original Groote Schuur belonged to Mr. Hofmeyr, and was an excellent example of the old Dutch style of domestic architecture. Mr. Rhodes, upon becoming its occupant, spent a considerable sum in modernising it, without, however, robbing it of its distinctive character.

The house, which is distant from Cape Town some fifteen minutes by rail, and half an hour if one drives, has been called the most delightful country seat out of England. Within, every arrangement has been made to adapt the dwelling to the climate. Heavy decoration has been avoided, and everything makes for coolness. In the billiard-room of the newest house are relics of the present war, several huge shell-cases finding a place close to the table. It is a curious reflection of the master's peculiarities that no female retainers are permitted, but the capabilities of the dusky men servants, and especially of the cook, are said to be superlative.

The grounds of Groote Schuur are practically an immense zoological garden, with drives six miles in extent. This charming park affords a home to a specimen of every non-carnivorous animal of South Africa, and these can be inspected at will by the people of Cape Town, to whom the grounds are thrown open by their owner. It used to be Mr. Rhodes's custom, when in full health and vigour, to take a canter through his demesne every morning at five o'clock. During these rides he met his keepers, and received reports upon the animals under their charge. At eight he breakfasted, and then he used, when in office, to drive daily into Cape Town, returning at six to dinner.

IN UPPER NIGERIA.

The manner in which the 1st Northern Nigerian Regiment moves from one place to another is illustrated by one of the drawings brought to us by the latest mail from Western Africa. Long marches, enlivened by the strains of the native piper, are agreeably varied by river traffic. Canoes are punted along by native punters at the rate of about two miles an hour. Bamboo rods form the punting-poles. The officer's canoe is covered by a mat lashed on to a bamboo, and beneath this shelter he has his bed, the journeys up-river often lasting for two or three days. The distractions are crocodile and duck shooting, and the events are the arrival at a village and, on great occasions, the interview with a chief.

Their Majesties the King and Queen have graciously bestowed a royal warrant upon Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, Limited, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers, and a similar honour has been awarded to them by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The firm has supplied the English Court continuously since the reign of George II.

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LYCEUM.—LAST TWO WEEKS.

No performances during Holy Week.
EASTER MONDAY, at 8. MATINEE SATURDAYS, APRIL 5 and 12, at 2.
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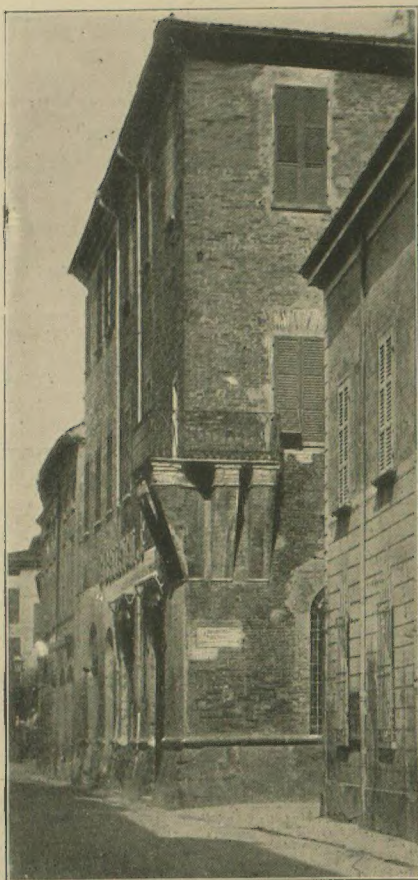
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FRANCESCA DA RIMINI: RELICS OF THE HEROINE'S FAMILY.



REMAINS OF THE HOUSE OF GUIDO NOVELLO, FATHER OF FRANCESCA, AT RAVENNA.

An aged sorceress prophesied to Guido Novello da Polenta, the father of Francesca da Rimini, that his family would be glorious in love and bloodshed. The prediction was certainly fulfilled in the case of Francesca, whose love for Paolo proved her undoing; and in the case of Ostasio, the son of Guido, who first drove his father into exile and then slew him. As if in compensation for the sorrows of his line, it was permitted to Guido Novello to entertain Dante when the poet was driven from Florence on account of his adherence to the Ghibelline party, to which Guido also belonged. At Ravenna and at Porto Fuori, not far from that ancient city, are preserved some remarkable monuments of Francesca's family. The house of Guido Novello still stands, and another palace is pointed out as the birthplace of the unfortunate heroine of Rimini.

In the Church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori there is still extant a curious mural painting which commemorates the visit of Dante to Guido. On the right hand of the panel is the poet, who, with uplifted finger, seems to be talking to his host, who listens with head inclined slightly forward. Between the figure of the poet and the lord of Polenta appears the head of a youth, whose identity



PORTRAITS OF DANTE AND HIS HOST, GUIDO NOVELLO, AT PORTO FUORI, NEAR RAVENNA.



FRANCESCA'S REPUTED BIRTHPLACE AT RAVENNA.

is unknown. It was during his stay with Guido that Dante completed his "Divina Commedia," and there he introduced the episode of Francesca's hapless love. His manner of treating the story undoubtedly shows the influence of Guido himself. Another painting in the same place shows Francesca and her maid Clara looking forth from a window, and the moment is said to be that recorded by Boccaccio in his account of Francesca's first glimpse of Paolo.

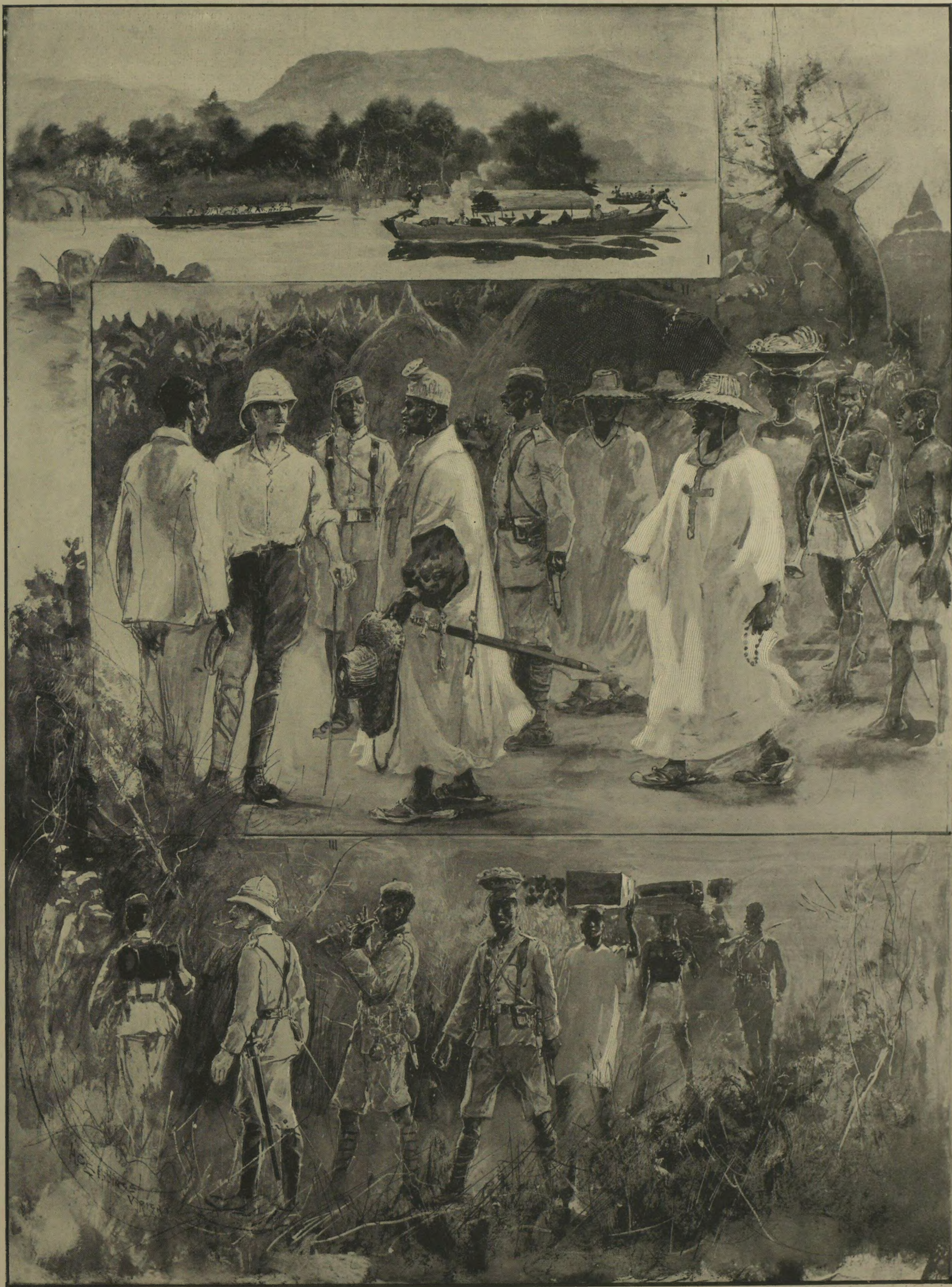
According to Boccaccio, Paolo, the brother of Lanciotto, came to Ravenna to espouse Francesca. From a window of the palace a maid pointed out the suitor to the lady, who was greatly enamoured of his handsome person and splendid habit. When she came to Rimini she was entrapped into marrying the deformed Lanciotto Malatesta. Another of the family of Polenta, Ostasio the parricide, is commemorated in a mural sculpture in the Church of St. Francis in Ravenna. The figure, which is wrought in marble, is habited in the garb of a monk of the Order of St. Francis. The main part of the design is in dark marble, with the face and hands wrought in white. The monuments are of peculiar interest in view of the revival of the story of Francesca by d'Annunzio and Phillips.

PORTRAITS OF FRANCESCA AND HER MAID CLARA AT PORTO FUORI.
(RECALLING BOCCACCIO'S ACCOUNT OF HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF PAOLO.)

SEPUCHRAL FIGURE OF OSTASIO, BROTHER OF FRANCESCA.

THE OPENING UP OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.



I. NATIVE TROOPS MOVING UP RIVER (OFFICER'S CANOE IN CENTRE).

2. AN INTERVIEW WITH A NATIVE CHIEF.

3. NATIVE SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

PERSONAL.

The banquet to half a million of the poor of London on Coronation Day promises to afford a record opportunity to muster and disperse a multitude. The weather is a disturbing element in all calculations as to an outdoor and an indoor feast; and the numbers to be dealt with will probably demand their distribution over various areas. What the dinner thereby loses as a demonstration and a sight to be seen, it will gain in the comfort of the diners and the speed of service.

The Easter holidays have a little disarranged "sending in" days for the Royal Academy, and have also interfered with the Studio Sunday of the outsiders. The prospects of the forthcoming Academy have therefore been less discussed this year than usual. The portraiture of the year is, however, likely to be specially prominent. Mr. Sargent, R.A., has a very strong contingent of canvases, including his Duchess of Portland and his large group of the Misses Hunter, by some judges said to be his masterpiece.

A distinguished Hungarian journalist, M. Andreas de Kozma, has been expressing his admiration for British calm under reverses. This writer compares our task in South Africa to that of a man chasing his hat in a wind. M. Kozma declares that we chase the hat with a dignity impossible to any other people.

The Rev. Clement Smith, Rector of Whippingham, has been appointed a Canon of Windsor to fill the stall vacant by the death of Canon Gee. The new Canon, who graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1868, was ordained priest by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in 1871, and shortly afterwards took the curacy of Michelmersh, Hants. He was Vicar of Awbridge in 1878; of Hedge-end in 1887, and of Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1890. Henceforth he was frequently invited to preach at Whippingham, and in the Osborne private chapel before Queen Victoria, who made him a Chaplain-in-Ordinary—a title he retains under his present Majesty. When Canon Protheroe died, Canon Smith succeeded him at Whippingham, and during Queen Victoria's illness he visited her, and afterwards received from the hands of the King the Royal Victorian Order.

The extraordinary conduct of Mr. Dillon, who was suspended by the House of Commons for calling Mr. Chamberlain "a (qualified) liar," and refusing to withdraw the expression, is defended by some of his Irish friends on the ground that the Speaker had permitted Mr. Chamberlain to call Mr. Dillon a traitor. No such thing happened. Mr. Dillon said that one of the Boer commanders fighting on the British side was "a traitor," and Mr. Chamberlain retorted, "The honourable member is a good judge of traitors."

Some Irish members have original ideas of treason. One of them expressed the hope that the Irish regiments in South Africa would join the Boers. If this aspiration were called treasonable, the author would probably be indignant. Mr. John Redmond appealed in the House of Commons to the Almighty to strengthen the Boers, and tear South Africa from the British Empire. He regards this doubtless not as treason, but as piety.

Dr. Edward Thompson, M.P. for North Monaghan, has condemned the conduct of certain of his Irish colleagues in very strong terms. He says that the indecent exultation on the Irish benches at the news of Lord Methuen's misfortune was contrary to "the chivalric character of the Irish people." It will be interesting to see whether Dr. Thompson's constituents support this view.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has lent to the National Gallery for six months the famous Colonna Raphael he lately bought for £100,000. The curious can therefore compare with it, at close quarters, the same master's *Ansdei Madonna*, bought by the nation a few years ago from the Marlborough collection at a price which then was, but is now no longer, a "record" one. Mr. Disraeli, many years ago, sanctioned the purchase of the Colonna Raphael itself, then offered at a much smaller figure than Mr. Pierpont Morgan has paid for it. Sir William Boxall went to Spain to see the picture, but, for some reason, decided against its purchase for the Gallery in which it now hangs as a welcome guest.

Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G., has been appointed Colonel on the Staff to command the Regular Troops in the Dominion of Canada. The new Major-General, as he will locally be called, was born in 1855, and educated at Rugby and at the Royal Military Academy. He served in the Gaika and Zulu Campaigns, and later in the Transvaal War, where he was present at Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and was severely wounded. In the Egyptian Campaign his horse was shot at Tel-el-Kebir; and in the Dongola Campaign he had command of the Egyptian Artillery. In 1896 he was appointed Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, and was afterwards employed on a special mission in Eutrea when Kassala was handed over to the Egyptian Government. In 1898 he commanded at the capture and defence of Gedaref; and in 1898 became Assistant Adjutant-General at Woolwich. Two years ago he went out again to South Africa, this time as Assistant Inspector-General of the Lines of Communication.

The Transvaal Boer "Government," comprising Mr. Schalk Burger, Acting-President, Mr. Reitz, and Commandants Lucas Meyer and Krogh, arrived at Pretoria under a flag of truce, and after an interview with Lord Kitchener, proceeded to Kroonstad to confer with Mr. Steyn and General De Wet. A fortnight ago Mr. Schalk Burger applied to Lord Kitchener for a safe-conduct, with a view to discussing peace proposals with Mr. Steyn.

Of the members of the mission Mr. Schalk Burger is the most important. After the Jameson Raid he was appointed Chairman of the State Commission to investigate the claims of the Outlanders, and his advocacy of sweeping reforms is said to have angered Mr. Kruger into denouncing him as a traitor. In 1898 he opposed Mr. Kruger for the Presidency, and favoured reform, but was defeated. In June 1899 he was present throughout the negotiations with Sir Alfred Milner. From peace advocate he became eager for war, was one of Joubert's lieutenants in Natal, and served as a sub-commandant under Botha at Spion Kop. His rapid retirement from this engagement, and his behaviour in seeking shelter in the retreat from Vereeniging, earned him the nickname of "The Flying General." On Mr. Kruger's departure from the Transvaal in 1900, Mr. Burger took up the reins of Government, and became Acting-President of the South African Republic. Mr. Reitz some ten years ago was President of the Orange Free State, retiring from the Chief Justiceship to fill the position. Later, he replaced Dr. Leyds as State Secretary for the Transvaal, and held the same post at the outbreak of hostilities. General Lucas Meyer was in command at the first action of the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL SIR CHARLES PARSONS.
Colonel on Staff for Canada.

when they come to London for the Coronation. One of these is the formation of an Imperial Reserve of the trained men who have served in South Africa. Another suggestion is a Triennial Conference of the Colonial Premiers and the Home Government. This is the most important part of the scheme.

Lord Rowton is making a sure but slow recovery from his severe attack of influenza. Nobody has done, by private means, so much as he towards the solution of a great domestic problem—the housing of the less flourishing part of the community; and the Rowton House, successful in London, is already rearing its chimneys or surveying suitable sites in other cities of the Empire. So overshadowing is Lord Beaconsfield, one hardly remembers that Lord Rowton is a near relation of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury. For a man of sixty-four, he is still young; but influenza has marked him for its own, and year after year he has been subject to severe attacks.

Sir John Day has been sworn a member of the Privy Council. The news, coming some time after Sir John's retirement from the Bench, finds him at a moment when he is prominently before the London public as a picture-collector. His Corots, his Milletts, and his Troyons are now on view in Bond Street, and are to be followed, in due course, by his carefully chosen examples of modern masters of the Dutch school.

The election of Captain Nott Bower, the new Chief of City Police, may be cited in testimony to the excellent good sense which men of business exhibit, even at times of national sentiment, in the discharge of the duties of their office. The post of Chief of the City Police is one that is coveted, for the duties are agreeable and the salary is ample. The competition therefore was keen, and among the candidates was the Colonel Commandant of the C.I.V. lately in South Africa. Captain Nott Bower has made his name in Liverpool as Chief Constable, and his election ought, in its own sphere, to make for "efficiency." Liverpool has elected Captain Nott Bower's chief assistant to be his successor in its Chief Constableship.

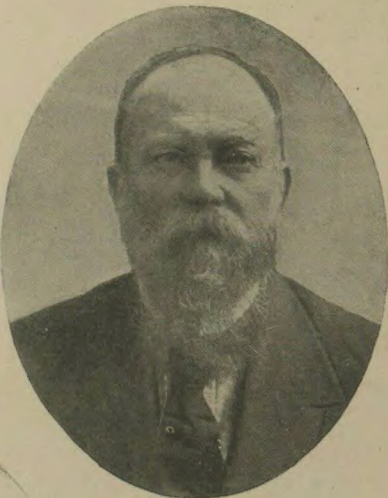
Some Oxford undergraduates have been trying to loot the ornament from which Brasenose College takes its honoured name. A desperate attempt was made to wrench off the brazen nose that adorns the gateway. The scheme had every sign of deliberation, and the offenders will meet, no doubt, with some punishment that fits the audacity of the crime.

There is a remarkable case of military treason at Warsaw. Colonel Grimm is accused of having communicated to Germany secret documents of the highest importance. Rumour is busy with the romantic side of the story. The Colonel is said to have been denounced to the authorities by his own wife. The Czar is said to have ordered the instant execution of the prisoner when he heard the story. Probably the facts are a good deal less sensational. France must watch this new "Affaire" with peculiar interest. It is not yet asserted, by the way, that Colonel Grimm is a Jew.

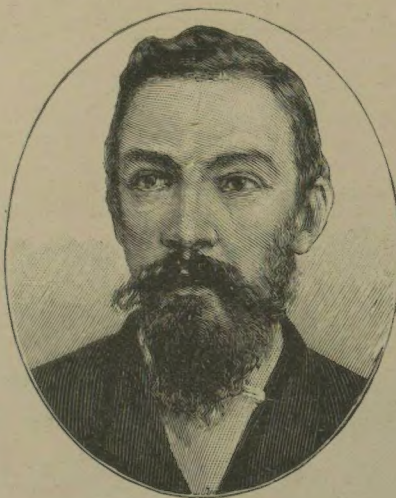
The Prussian Diet is dealing with the nuisance of advertisements that deface natural scenery. Local Boards are to have the licensing of such announcements in future. The intention is admirable, but the remedy seems hardly certain. Mountains and streams are not always appreciated most in their own locality.

General Sir William Butler delivered a lecture on "Cromwell in Ireland" before the members of the Irish Literary Society. The feeling of the lecturer and of his hearers was all anti-Cromwellian; but the fact remains that even Cromwell in effigy is at this hour able to defy Parliament as effectually as Cromwell himself did; for the statue keeps its place in the "area" at Westminster, despite a hostile vote of the Commons.

When Trust meets Trust, then comes the "Tobacco War." The British Trust offered the retailers £50,000 a year as a bonus for four years. The American Trust has capped this by offering a bonus four times as great. The interests of the consumer do not appear in this war of monopolies. What sort of tobacco will be sold to the public by the monopoly with the highest bonus to tobaccoists? is a question for nervous smokers.



MR. REITZ.



MR. SCHALK BURGER.



GENERAL LUCAS MEYER.

BOER OFFICIALS ON THE PEACE MISSION.

war, Talana Hill, and is one of the chief "Free State" commanders.

A year ago Mr. Reitz suggested to Mr. Steyn the expediency of surrender, but was met by an uncompromising refusal. Mr. Steyn then declared that he would not discuss peace with the British except upon the basis of unqualified independence for the Boers.

Mr. Kruger is more than ever the religious fanatic. He informed a French journalist that the Almighty would force the Continental nations to intervene in South Africa, and the British people to accept defeat. His authority for this belief is the Book of Amos. His friends in the House of Commons seem to be unwilling to quote it.

Dr. Leyds is organising a demonstration for Coronation Day. The Continental and American Pro-Boers are to show their feelings by displaying Boer flags and sending telegrams to Mr. Kruger.

Mr. Seddon, who is indefatigable in the service of the Empire, has stated certain points which will be discussed between the Colonial Office and the Colonial Premiers

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race was rowed on Saturday, March 22, on the usual course from Putney to Mortlake. Cambridge won the toss for the choice of position, and soon took the lead, which they maintained throughout, winning by five lengths, in 19 min. 9 sec. The cold and miserably wet weather greatly lessened the usual concourse of spectators, and on the river itself the number of craft was comparatively small. Colonel Frank Willan, O.U.B.C., acted as umpire from the steam-launch *Hibernia*, but his duties were very simple, for after the first dozen strokes the distance between the boats was as conspicuously evident as it was steadily maintained. Mr. Frederick Fenner, of the London Rowing Club, was the distance-judge. When at twenty minutes to one the pistol fired for the start, Mr. Huntley, the Oxford stroke, in his anxiety to get a lead, pulled only half the first stroke. Oxford rowed thirty-seven strokes in the first minute against Cambridge's thirty-nine; but the Oxford boat, built on the short principle, after the design of Dr. Warre, Head Master of Eton, seemed to lag heavily between the strokes, and require extra strength to carry it along. By the time Hammer-smith Bridge was reached the rate of striking dropped to thirty-two per minute, and only quickened when the final spurt was put on at the finish.

INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

The Inter-University Sports, which took place at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, resulted in



Photo. Knight.

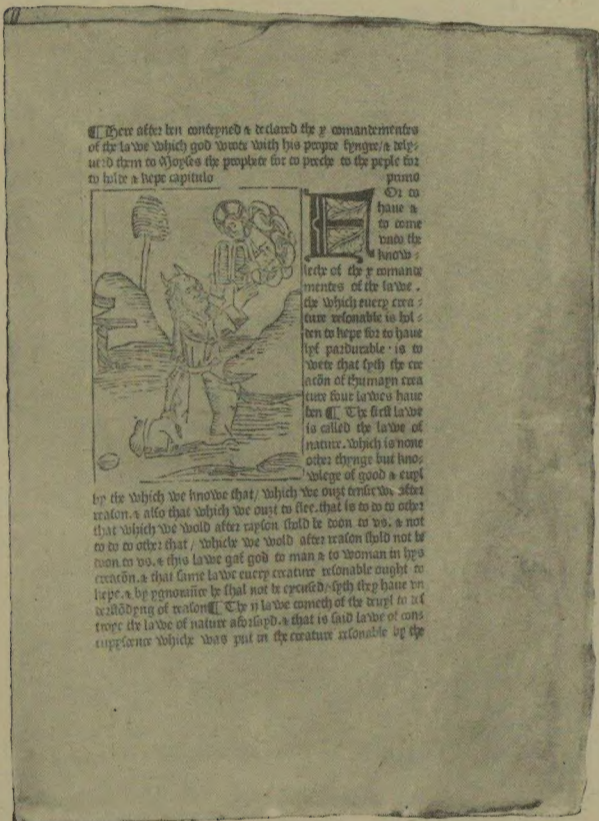
TRAINING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW CHARGER: "HUSSAR"
TAKING THE CAVALRY JUMPS AT ALDERSHOT.

THE GRAND NATIONAL AND OTHER SPORTING EVENTS.

At the Liverpool Spring Meeting the Grand National Steeplechase was won by Mr. A. Gorham's Shannon Lass, which started with odds of 20 to 1 against her. There was the usual big attendance at Aintree, Lord Derby bringing a large party from Knowsley. Lancashire will have another centre for sport when the new race-course at Castle Irwell, Higher Broughton, is opened—mostly for the convenience of Manchester. The Public Schools' Competitions, on the same day, at Aldershot, brought a large number of spectators to the Gymnasium. Lady Hildyard presented the prizes to F. J. V. Hopley (Harrow) in the heavy-weights competitions; to E. A. Raw (Clifton) for middle-weights; to J. G. Bowen (Clifton) for light-weights; and to C. W. Hooper (St. Paul's) in the feather-weights. The shield for gymnastics was won by Rugby, represented by A. D. Gardner and R. N. Garrod-Thomas, who were presented with silver medals. In the foil v. foil and sabre v. sabre R. J. Weeks (Charterhouse) and A. Currie (Bedford Grammar School) were victors. The English team won its second international match of the season under Association rules, beating Ireland at Belfast on Saturday by one goal to none.

THE RECORD PRICE CAXTON.

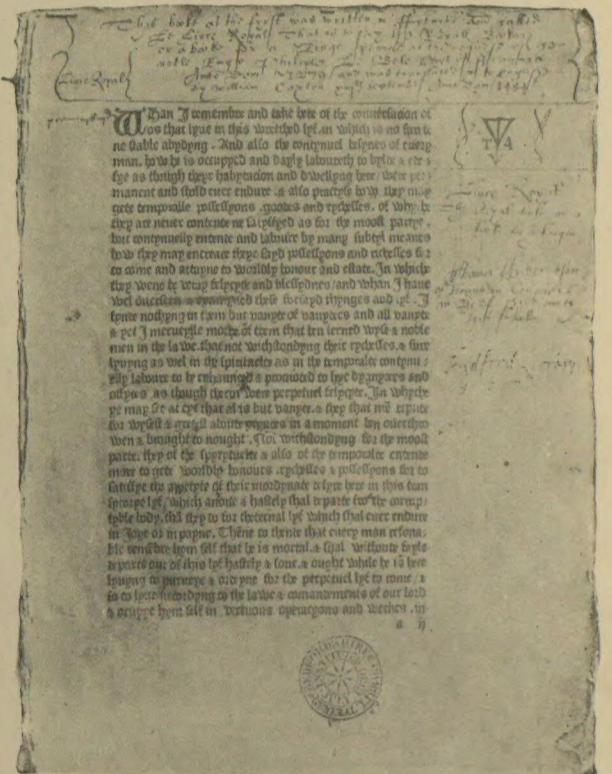
The copy of the "Ryal Book," sold by Messrs. Sotheby on March 20 for £2225, is evidently in the state in which it was originally issued,



A PAGE WITH WOODCUT.



THE CONTEMPORARY CAXTON BINDING.



UNCUT PAGE WITH MARGINAL NOTES.

THE RECORD PRICE CAXTON: THE FINEST EXTANT COPY OF THE "RYAL BOOK," SOLD ON MARCH 20 FOR £2225.
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PURCHASER, MR. QUARITCH.

favour of Oxford by five events to four. The weather was bad, the ground was sodden, but the company was large and the sport was excellent. W. W. Coe, of Hertford, made a new Varsity record in the weight. He was also victorious in throwing the hammer 111 ft. 10 in., his nearest Cambridge competitor, H. A. Leeke, of Corpus Christi, falling short of that distance by nearly four feet. The 100-yards race and the quarter-mile race were won by R. W. Barclay, of Trinity, Cambridge; but the mile race was gained for Oxford by E. L. Gay-Roberts, of Queen's. Cambridge, however, scored with the three-miles race, H. W. Gregson, of Christ's, covering the ground in fifteen minutes seven seconds. The high-jump was taken by G. Howard-Smith, of Trinity, Cambridge, at 5 ft. 9½ in., and the long-jump—21 ft. 4½ in.—by L. J. Cornish, of Lincoln, Oxford. In the 120-yards hurdle race G. R. Garnier, of Oriel College, Oxford, took his hurdles in fine style, and had an easy win. The programme had lost one of its attractions by the elimination of the half-mile race, introduced four years ago and maintained till last spring—an omission favoured by Cambridge rather than by Oxford.

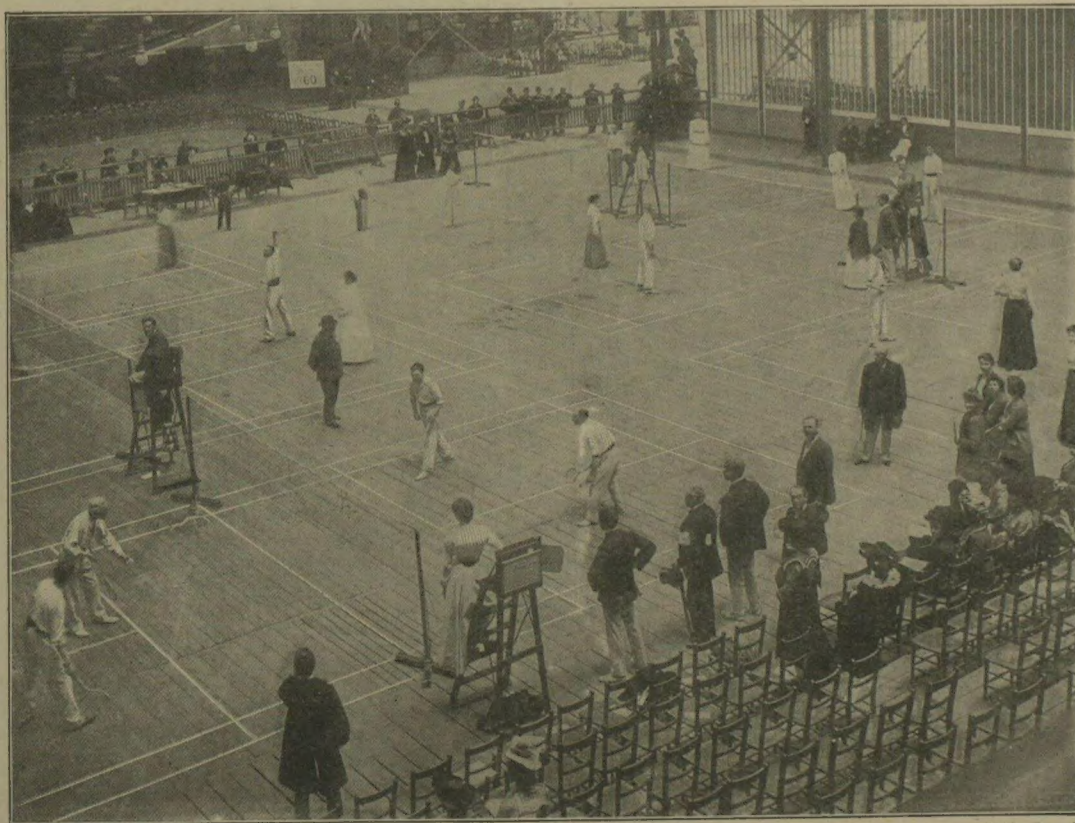


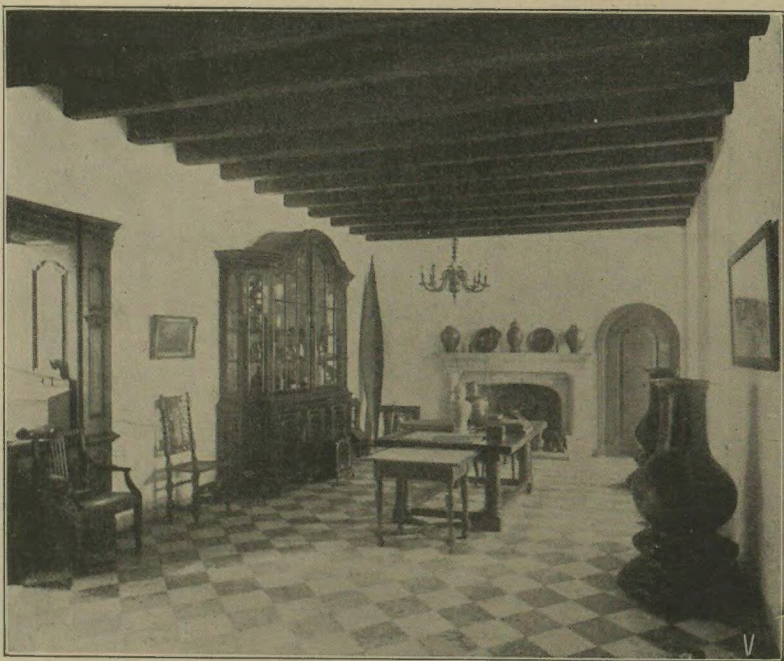
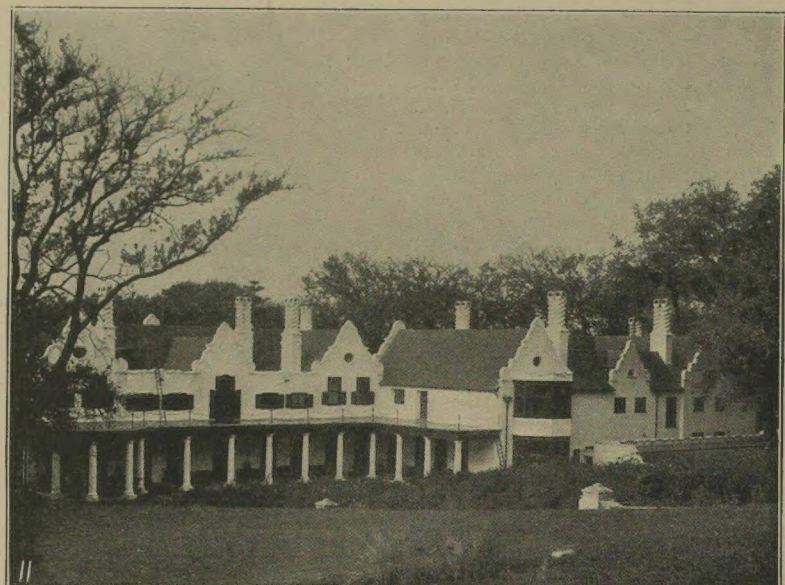
Photo. Russell.

THE INTERNATIONAL BADMINTON TOURNAMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, MARCH 19-20.
The ladies' and gentlemen's doubles were won by Miss E. Mosley and Mr. L. W. Runsford, and the gentlemen's doubles for the third time by Messrs. F. S. Collins and H. L. Mollish.

and has all the edges unshaved. The leaves, which are entirely uninjured, measure 8½ in. by 11½ in. There are marginal notes, English and Latin (of the time of Elizabeth), by Thomas Archer, parson of Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, to whom the book belonged. The binding is contemporary English, and was probably executed in Caxton's own office. The boards are oaken, and covered with leather stamped in diagonal compartments with dragons and roses. The back is missing. The "Ryal Book" was compiled in 1279 at the request of Philip of France, and was translated by Caxton at the request of a London mercer. Caxton completed the work on Sept. 13, 1484. The book is printed in black-letter in long lines, thirty-three to a full page. There are one-hundred and sixty printed leaves, and into the text are introduced six elegant woodcuts in outline. The copy in question was exhibited in 1877 at the Caxton Exhibition. Of the other five perfect copies mentioned by Blades, one was sold last year for £1550 by Messrs. Sotheby. The rest are in public libraries.

MR. RHODES' HOME NEAR CAPE TOWN: GROOTE SCHUUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY.



1. GROOTE SCHUUR FROM THE MOUNTAIN.
2. THE DINING-ROOM.
3. THE BACK HALL OF THE MANSION.

4. GROOTE SCHUUR: THE BACK VIEW.
5. THE BILLIARD-ROOM.
6. THE BACK STOEP, A FAVOURITE RESORT OF THE OWNER'S.

THE RIDING-WHIP.

By GEORGE GISSING.

*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

PART. II.

Mr. Daffy was there before him; they met at the entrance to the platform from which their train would start.

"Must you go back by this?" asked the tailor. "My son wasn't at home, and won't be till about five o'clock. I should be terribly obliged, Mr. Lott, if you could stay and go to Clapham with me. Is it asking too much?"

The timber-merchant gave a friendly nod, and said it was all the same to him. Then, in reply to anxious questions, he made brief report of what he had learnt at Finsbury Park. Mr. Daffy was beside himself with wrath and shame. He would pay every farthing, if he had to sell all he possessed!

"I'm so glad and so thankful you will come with me, Mr. Lott. He'd care nothing for what I said; but when he sees *you*, and hears your opinion of him, it may have some effect. I beg you to tell him your mind plainly! Let him know what a contemptible wretch, what a dirty blackguard, he is in the eyes of all decent folk—let him know it, I entreat you! Perhaps even yet it isn't too late to make him ashamed of himself."

They stood amid a rush of people; the panting tailor clung to his big companion's sleeve. Gruffly promising to do what he could, Mr. Lott led the way into the street again, where they planned the rest of their day. By five o'clock they were at Clapham.

Charles Daffy occupied the kind of house which is known as eminently respectable; it suggested an income of at least a couple of thousand a year. As they waited for the door to open, Mr. Lott smote gently on his leg with the new riding-whip. He had been silent and meditative all the way hither.

A smart maidservant conducted them to the dining-

room, and there, in a minute or two, they were joined by Mr. Charles. No one could have surmised from this gentleman's appearance that he was the son of the little tradesman who stood before him; nature had given the younger Mr. Daffy a tall and shapely person, and experience of life had refined his manners to an easy assurance he would never have learnt from paternal example. His

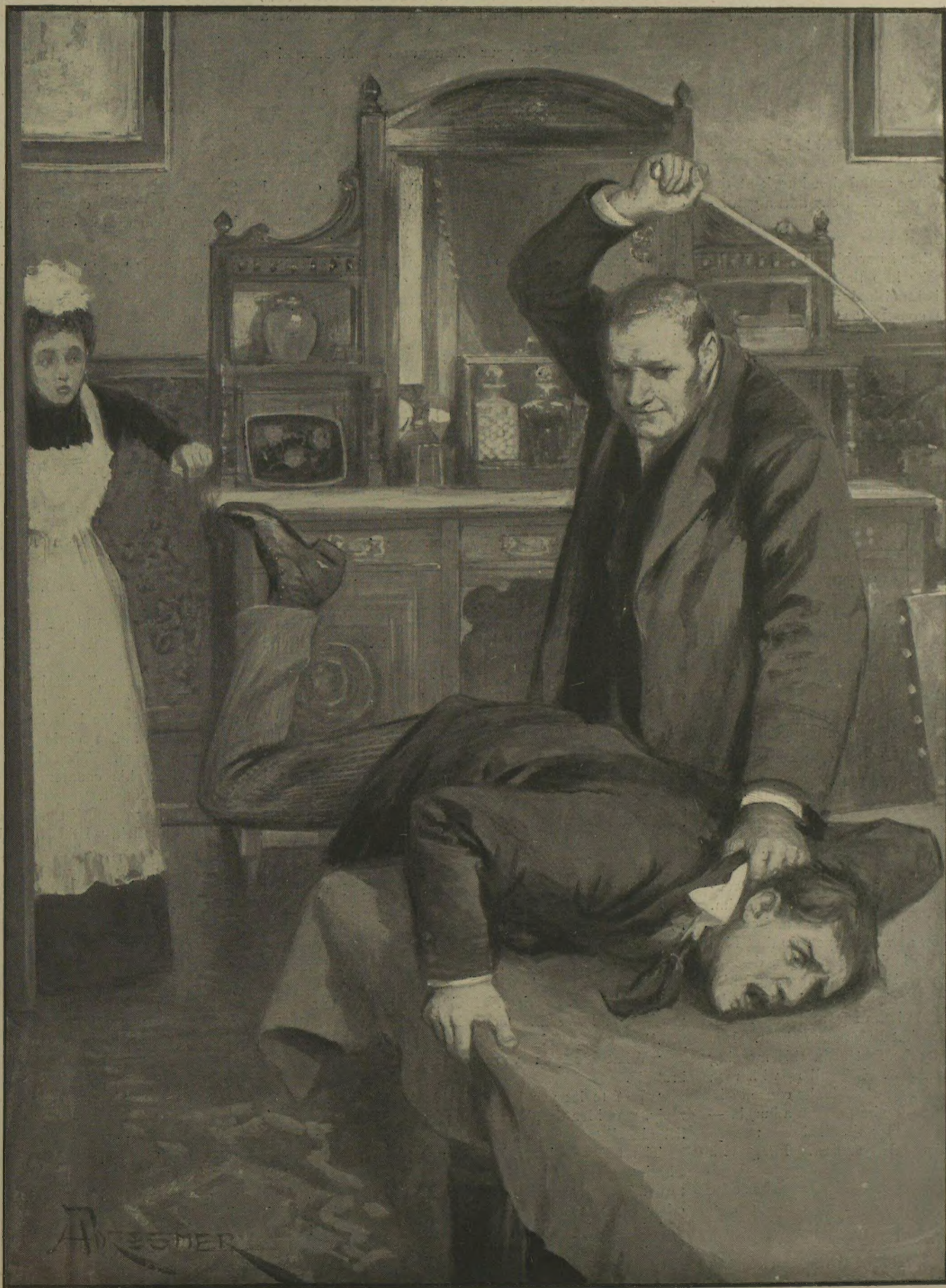
smooth-shaven visage, so long as it remained grave, might have been that of an acute and energetic lawyer; his smile, however, disturbed this impression, for it had a twinkling insolence, a raffish facetiousness, incompatible with any sober quality. He wore the morning dress of a City man, with collar and necktie of the latest fashion; his watchguard was rather demonstrative, and he had two very solid rings on his left hand.

"Ah, Dad, how do you do!" he exclaimed, on entering, in an affected head-voice. "Why, what's the matter?"

Mr. Daffy had drawn back, refusing the offered hand. With an unpleasant smile, Charles turned to his other visitor.

"Mr. Lott, isn't it! You're looking well, Mr. Lott; but I suppose you didn't come here just to give me the pleasure of seeing you. I'm rather a busy man; perhaps one or the other of you will be good enough to break this solemn silence, and let me know what your game is."

He spoke with careless



The startled face of a domestic appeared.

impertinence, and let himself drop on to a chair. The others remained standing, and Mr. Daffy broke into vehement speech.

"I have come here, Charles, to ask what you mean by disgracing yourself and dishonouring my name. Only yesterday, for the first time, I heard of the life you are leading. Is this how you repay me for all the trouble I took to have you well educated, and to make you an honest man? Here I find you living in luxury and extravagance—and how? On stolen money—money as much stolen as if you were a pickpocket or a burglar! A pleasant thing for me to have all my friends talking about Charles Daffy, the bookmaker and the money-lender! What *right* have you to dishonour your father in this way? I ask, what *right* have you, Charles?"

Here the speaker, who had struggled to gasp his last sentence, was overcome with a violent fit of coughing. He tottered back and sank on to a sofa.

"Are you here to look after him?" asked Charles of Mr. Lott, crossing his legs and nodding towards the sufferer. "If so, I advise you to take him away before he does himself harm. You're a *lot* bigger than he is, and perhaps have more sense."

The timber-merchant stood with legs slightly apart, holding his stick and the riding-whip horizontally with both hands. His eyes were fixed upon young Mr. Daffy, and his lips moved in rather an ominous way; but he made no reply to Charles's smiling remark.

"Mr. Lott," said the tailor, in a voice still broken by pants and coughs, "will you speak for me? Will you say what you think of him?"

"You'll have to be quick about it," interposed Charles, with a glance at his watch. "I can give you five minutes; you can say a *lot* in that time, if you're sound of wind."

The timber-merchant's eyes were very wide, and his cheeks unusually red. Abruptly he turned to Mr. Daffy.

"Do you know *my* idea?"

But just as he spoke there sounded a knock at the door, and the smart maidservant cried out that a gentleman wished to see her master.

"Who is it?" asked Charles.

The answer came from the visitor himself, who, pushing the servant aside, broke into the room. It was a young man of no very distinguished appearance, thin, red-haired, with a pasty complexion, and a scrubby moustache; his clothes were approaching shabbiness, and he had an unwashed look, due in part to hasty travel on this hot day. Streaming with sweat, his features distorted with angry excitement, he shouted as he entered, "You've got to see me, Daffy; I won't be refused!" In the same moment his glance discovered the two visitors, and he stopped short. "Mr. Lott, you here? I'm glad of it—I'm awfully glad of it—I couldn't have wished anything better. I don't know who this other gentleman is, but it doesn't matter. I'm glad to have witnesses—I'm infernally glad! Mr. Lott, you've been to my house this morning; you know what's happened there. I had to go out of town yesterday, and this Daffy, this cursed liar and swindler, used the opportunity to sell up my furniture. He'll tell you he had a legal right. But he gave me his word not to do anything till the end of the month. And, in any case, I don't really owe him half the sum he has down against me. I've paid that black-hearted scoundrel hundreds of pounds—honourably paid him—debts of honour, and now he has the face to charge me sixty per cent. on money I was fool enough to borrow from him! Sixty per cent.—what do you think of that, Mr. Lott? What do *you* think of it, Sir?"

"I'm sorry to say it doesn't at all surprise me," answered Mr. Daffy, who perceived that the speaker was Mr. Lott's son-in-law. "But I can't sympathise with you very much. If you have dealings with a bookmaker—"

"A blackleg, a blackleg!" shouted Bowles. "Bookmakers are respectable men in comparison with him. He's bled me, the brute! He tempted me on and on—Look here, Mr. Lott, I know as well as you do that I've been an infernal fool. I've had my eyes opened—now that it's too late. I hear my wife told you that, and I'm glad she did. I've been a fool, yes; but I fell into the hands of the greatest scoundrel unhung, and he's ruined me. You heard from Jane what I was gone about. It's no good. I came back by the first train this morning without a mouthful of breakfast. It's all up with me; I'm a cursed beggar—and that thief is the cause of it. And he comes into my house—no better than a burglar—and lays his hands on everything that'll bring money. Where's the account of that sale, you liar? I'll go to a magistrate about this."

Charles Daffy sat in a reposeful attitude. The scene amused him; he chuckled inwardly from time to time. But of a sudden his aspect changed; he started up, and spoke with a snarling emphasis.

"I've had just about enough. Look here, clear out, all of you! There's the door—go!"

Mr. Daffy moved towards him.

"Is that how you speak to your father, Charles?" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes it is. Take your hook with the others; I'm sick of your Tommy-rot!"

"Then listen to me before I go," cried Mr. Daffy, his short and awkward figure straining in every muscle for the dignity of righteous wrath. "I don't know whether you are more a fool or a knave. Perhaps you really think that there's as much to be said for your way of earning a living as for any other. I hope you do, for it's a cruel thing to suppose that my son has turned out a shameless scoundrel. Let me tell you, then, this business of yours is one that moves every honest and sensible man to anger and disgust. It matters nothing whether you keep the rules of the blackguard game, or whether you cheat; the difference between bookmaker and blackleg is so small that it isn't worth talking about. You live by the plunder of people who are foolish and vicious enough to fall into your clutches. You're an enemy of society—that's the plain truth of it; as much an enemy of society as the forger or the burglar. You live—and live in luxury—by the worst vice of our time, the vice which is rotting English life, the vice which will be our national ruin if it goes on much longer. When you were a boy, you've heard me many a time say all I thought about racing and betting; you've heard me speak with scorn of the high-placed people who set so vile an example to the classes below them. If I could have foreseen that *you* would sink to such disgrace!"

Charles was standing in an attitude of contemptuous patience. He looked at his watch and interjected a remark.

"I can only allow your eloquence one minute and a half more."

"That will be enough," replied his father sternly. "The only thing I have to add is, that all the money you have stolen from Mr. Bowles I, as a simple duty, shall repay. You're no longer a boy. In the eye of the law, I am not responsible for you; but for very shame I must make good the wrong you have done in this case. I couldn't stand in my shop day by day, and know that everyone was saying, 'There's the man whose son ruined Mr. Lott's son-in-law and sold up his home,' unless I had done all I could to repair the mischief. I shall ask Mr. Bowles for a full account of what he has lost to you, and if it's in my power, every penny shall be made good. He, thank goodness, seems to have learnt his lesson."

"That I have, Mr. Daffy; that I have!" cried Bowles.

"There's not much fear that *he'll* fall into your clutches again. And I hope, I most earnestly hope, that before you can do much more harm, you'll overreach yourself, and the law—stupid as it is—will get hold of you. Remember the father I was, Charles, and think what it means that the best wish I can now form for you is that you may come to public disgrace."

"Does no one applaud?" asked Charles, looking round the room. "That's rather unkind, seeing how the speaker has blown himself. Be off, dad, and don't fool any longer. Bowles, take your hook. Mr. Lott—"

Charles met the eye of the timber-merchant, and was unexpectedly mute.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Lott, regarding him fixedly, "and what have you to say to *me*?"

"Only that my time is too valuable to be wasted," continued the other, with an impatient gesture. "Be good enough to leave my house."

"Mr. Lott," said the tailor in an exhausted voice, "I apologise to you for my son's rudeness. I gave you the trouble of coming here hoping it might shame him, but I'm afraid it's been no good. Let us go."

Mr. Lott regarded him mildly.

"Mr. Daffy," he said, "if *you* don't mind, I should like to have a word in private with your son. Do you and Mr. Bowles go on to the station, and wait for me; perhaps I shall catch you up before you get there."

"I have told you already, Mr. Lott," shouted Charles, "that I can waste no more time on you. I refuse to talk with you at all."

"And I, Mr. Charles Daffy," was the resolute answer, "refuse to leave this room till I have had a word with you."

"What do you want to say?" asked Charles brutally.

"Just to let you know an idea of mine," was the reply, "an idea that's come to me whilst I've stood here listening."

The tailor and Mr. Bowles moved towards the door. Charles glanced at them fiercely and insolently, then turned his look again upon the man who remained. The other two passed out; the door closed. Mr. Lott, stick and riding-whip still held horizontally, seemed to be lost in meditation.

"Now," blurted Charles, "what is it?"

Mr. Lott regarded him steadily, and spoke with his wonted deliberation.

"You heard what your father said about paying that money back?"

"Of course I heard. If he's idiot enough—"

"Do you know *my* idea, young man? You'd better do the honest thing, and repay it yourself."

Charles stared for a moment, then sputtered a laugh.

"That's *your* idea, is it, Mr. Lott? Well, it isn't mine. So, good-morning!"

Again the timber-merchant seemed to meditate; his eyes wandered from Charles to the dining-room table.

"Just a minute more," he resumed; "I have another idea—not a new one; an idea that came to me long ago, when your father first began to have trouble about you. I happened to be in the shop one day—it was when you were living idle at your father's expense, young man—and I heard you speak to him in what I call a confoundedly impertinent way. Thinking it over afterwards, I said to myself: If I had a son who spoke to me like that, I'd give him the soundest thrashing he'd be ever likely to get. That was my idea, young man; and as I stood listening to you to-day, it came back into my mind again. Your father can't thrash you; he hasn't the brawn for it. But as it's nothing less than a public duty, somebody *must*, and so—"

Charles, who had been watching every movement of the speaker's face, suddenly sprang forward, making for the door. But Mr. Lott had foreseen this; with astonishing alertness and vigour, he intercepted the fugitive, seized him by the scruff of the neck, and, after a moment's struggle, pinned him face downwards across the end of the table. His stick he had thrown aside; the riding-whip he held between his teeth. So brief was this conflict that there sounded only a scuffling of feet on the floor, and a growl of fury from Charles as he found himself handled like an infant; then, during some two minutes, one might have thought that a couple of very strenuous carpet-beaters were at work in the room. For the space of a dozen switches, Charles strove frantically with wild kicks, which wounded only the air, but all in silence; gripped only the more tightly, he at length uttered a yell of pain, followed by curses hot and swift. Still the carpet-beaters seemed to be at work, and more vigorously than ever. Charles began to roar. As it happened, there were only servants in the house. When the clamour had lasted long enough to be really alarming, knocks sounded at the door, which at length was thrown open, and the startled face of a domestic appeared. At the same moment, Mr. Lott, his right arm being weary, brought the castigatory exercise to an end. Charles rolled to his feet, and began to strike out furiously with both fists.

"Just as you like, young man," said the timber-merchant, as he coolly warded off the blows. "If you wish to have it this way too. But, I warn you, it isn't a fair match. Sally, shut the door and go about your business."

"Shall I fetch a policeman, Sir?" shrilled the servant.

Her master, sufficiently restored to his senses to perceive that he had not the least chance in a pugilistic encounter with Mr. Lott, drew back and seemed to hesitate.

"Answer the girl," said Mr. Lott, as he picked up his whip and examined its condition. "Shall we have a policeman in?"

"Shut the door," Charles shouted fiercely.

The men gazed at each other. Daffy was pale and quivering; his hair in disorder, his waistcoat torn open, collar and necktie twisted into rags, he made a pitiful figure. The timber-merchant was slightly heated, but his countenance wore an expression of calm contentment.

"For the present," remarked Mr. Lott, as he took up his hat and stick, "I think our business is at an end. It isn't often that a fellow of your sort gets his deserts, and I'm rather sorry we didn't have the policeman in; a report of the case might do good. I bid you good-day, young man. If I were you I'd sit quiet for an hour or two, and just reflect—you've a *lot* to think about."

So, with a pleasant smile, the visitor took his leave.

As he walked away, he again examined the riding-whip. "It isn't often a thing happens so luckily," he said to himself. "First-rate whip; hardly a bit damaged. Harry'll like it none the worse for my having hand-selled it."

At the station he found Mr. Daffy and Bowles, who regarded him with questioning looks.

"Nothing to be got out of him," said Mr. Lott. "Bowles, I want a talk with you and Jane; it'll be best, perhaps, if I go back home with you. Mr. Daffy, sorry we can't travel down together. You'll catch the eight o'clock."

"I hope you told him plainly what you thought of him," said Mr. Daffy, in a voice of indignant shame.

"I did," answered the timber-merchant, "and I don't think he's very likely to forget it."

THE END.

THE KING'S YACHTING CRUISE: APARTMENTS ON BOARD THE NEW "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.



1. THE GRAND STAIRCASE. 2. THE ROYAL GUESTS' ROOM. 3. THE DRAWING-ROOM. 4. THE STATE CORRIDOR. 5. THE KING'S RECEPTION-ROOM. 6. THE KING'S SMOKING-ROOM.

In the reception-room the meeting took place between their Majesties and the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return from their Colonial tour.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Plots. By Bernard Capes. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

A Ride in Morocco. By Frances MacNab. (London: Edward Arnold. 18s.)

Desiderio: An Episode in the Renaissance. By Edmund G. Gardner. (London: Dent. 4s. 6d.)

Newman. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant and Ferrier. 3s. 6d.)

A History of Police in England. By Captain W. L. Melville Lee. (London: Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

The Mastery of the Pacific. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. (London: Heinemann. 18s. net.)

With invention, greatest (save one) of the gifts of the novelist, Mr. Bernard Capes is copiously endowed. His latest novel, "Plots," contains nine short stories, of which "Jerry of the Marsh," "Derelict," "The Devil's Fantasia," and "The Green Bottle," in their several ways, exhibit the strong, and also the wrong, qualities of his most characteristic work. It is not from any of the completed stories, however, that the collection takes its title; but from a handful of suggestions for stories, some more, some less developed, and others not capable of being developed, we feel sure, even by Mr. Capes, which the author, as it were, throws into the bargain. And these "plots," as he calls them, give a clue as we think, to Mr. Capes' failure to rise to the highest levels of fiction. His invention runs away with him. He is content to allow it to do so. Sometimes it seems to be possessed of a demoniacal spirit, and rushes down steep places and perishes. Even when there is no such catastrophe, the story remains with Mr. Capes an invented thing, a piece of clever—often diabolically clever—mechanism. He spends infinite pains, when it interests him at all, to make it more than that; but at such times he is often playing a game of cross-purposes with himself. When in "Jerry of the Marsh" in this volume, for example, he labours to breathe a realism into the story, he runs a danger of ruining the fine artificiality which he had already cleverly built up. It is something just short of life that inspires Mr. Capes' stories. If to his invention he added the still greater quickening gift which creates, he would take a foremost place in fiction.

There is apparently no limit to the supply of books upon Morocco, but it is not often that we find one better written or of more general interest than "A Ride in Morocco," by Frances MacNab. The author has education, some sense of humour, a comfortable supply of prejudices, enough humanity, and a distinct capacity for seeing widely and accurately. Perhaps the reader could have dispensed with her views upon questions as complicated as polygamy and the French advance upon Morocco: their discussion does not show the author at her best, though it is impossible to doubt the earnestness of her effort to understand the problems, or the sincerity of her confidence in her own opinions. It is as the traveller, the observant, kindly sympathetic traveller, that she appeals to us; the conscientious methods of her work bring fresh charm to country and life that have been described over and over again. How many people have trodden the same paths? Diplomats and sportsmen like Sir John Drummond Hay, explorers like Mr. Walter Harris, men like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who carry with them the very spirit of the land they are travelling through, scientists like Hooker and Ball, and a motley gathering of less distinguished folk. Women, too, have to be reckoned among the makers of books about Morocco, and upon them lies responsibility for most of the hysteria and not a little of the bad grammar that surround the subject. Mrs. MacNab has nothing to reproach herself with on these scores, despite unorthodox spelling of Spanish and Moorish names. She tells a story of travel directly and vividly, yet with restraint; her enthusiasms are genuine, and she has been at pains to get accurate information. Coming directly from the West, and avowedly ignorant of facts relating to Morocco that are often known to people who have never visited the country, it is surprising to find the sympathy displayed by a writer whose training and experience would have accounted for a book full of the narrowness from which all Mohammedan countries have suffered so long. The author of "A Ride in Morocco" deserves a wide audience for her work.

"Desiderio" deals with "an episode in the Renaissance"—a period of history which Mr. Edmund Gardner finds, for his part, to be the most fascinating in the history of mankind. The book is a romance "founded upon fact," or, at any rate, upon experienced feeling, as all good romances are bound to be. The beautiful frontispiece of the volume is a Botticelli portrait, not of Desiderio, indeed, nor intended to be like him, but, at any rate, of a Florentine youth whose tradition was not dead in Desiderio's time. Similarly, the two characters, Bembo and Baldassarre Castiglione, have to some extent their prototypes in Marsilio Ficino and in Giovanni della Mirandola. Lucia da Marni speaks, too, as an echo of Caterina Benincasa; while the fascinating figure of Savonarola looms largely over

these pages. Not George Eliot herself knew her Florence better than Mr. Gardner knows his; and a very charming story he weaves out of the tangled threads of Desiderio's life. His was a stress of soul and of body; and calamity came to end his career just when it had reached its triumph. Violante makes a delightful girl of the period; and we have all the turbulence of politics that were part secular, part ecclesiastical. The style of the book is excellently adapted to its theme; and



A FLORENTINE YOUTH OF THE BOTTICELLI PERIOD.

Reproduced from "Desiderio," by permission of Messrs. Dent and Co.

Mr. Gardner, hitherto best known as a Dante expert, has made tolerably secure his welcome to the higher ranks of writers of historic fiction—a very different thing from fictitious history.

Dr. Whyte's "Newman" is not a biography of that remarkable man, but frankly an "appreciation." It comes from an alien to Newman's own religious "tabernacle," but it is not essentially critical or even controversial. "I live by admiration, hope, and love," declares Dr. Whyte in a candid prefatory passage, "and Newman has always inspired me with all these feelings toward himself and toward many of his works." Newman, he admits, had his own share of infirmities of mind and temper, but these Dr. Whyte does not set out to discuss; nor is the time yet. In a word, Dr. Whyte's main purpose in writing this little book has been "edification." To his own expository estimate of Newman as a teacher, Dr. Whyte adds a number of his favourite



"POWDER PLAY."

Reproduced from "A Ride in Morocco," by permission of Mr. Edward Arnold.

quotations from Newman's writings, both theological and secular. These passages do not stand very well apart from their context; but, on the principle that half a loaf, or even a crumb, is better than no bread, we must not complain; for Dr. Whyte's little study, as he himself tells us, "is not at all intended for those who know Newman already." In one of his famous University sermons Newman took for his theme "Personal Influence." That was a subject on which he could speak with authority, for no one wielded it so widely yet so closely as he himself. The truth is that what Wordsworth did for poetry, Newman did for theology—made it interesting to a generation that was weary of conventions. He spoke not merely face to face (and there are many preachers who fail of even that), but heart to heart. "I, John Henry Newman," was more than a phrase with him; and a self-consciousness that was never vain gave to his writings that personal note which

elicited from young men round him at Oxford an instant recognition. That it survives, Dr. Whyte's pages are a sufficient proof.

It is a little strange that the policeman, an alluring victim to the satirist, has never found a serious historian. Volumes have been written on criminology, but we believe that Captain Lee is quite justified in claiming that his is the first systematic history of the English police system. He has produced a really excellent book, which will be full of interest alike to the felon and the philanthropist—and most of us come under one of these headings. Perhaps we should be better up in the history of the constabulary if we did not so entirely take them for granted, and it will be a surprise to most readers to learn that Peel's institution of a properly organised Metropolitan police force was regarded by the contemporary Press as a tyrannical measure charged with menace to the realm. Captain Lee traces the constable from Anglo-Saxon times through the old watchmen known as "Charlies," and their successors, the Bow Street runners, to the present day. He writes with sound scholarship and judgment, and an entire absence of fads. It is not generally known that the first properly organised police force in the Kingdom was the Dublin police, instituted in 1786, and that England lagged behind. Lord Sidmouth, an excellent administrator, to whom most historians have been very unfair, was the first Home Secretary to take London really in hand, and his measures paved the way for Sir Robert Peel. Captain Lee mentions Ireland only incidentally, but we may point out that he anticipates in speaking of the "Royal Irish Constabulary" before the 'sixties. That force earned the more distinguished title by their admirable behaviour in the Fenian period. But this is a small matter, and all who wish to know something of the gradual development of our present system of keeping the peace may take Captain Lee as a thoroughly capable and very entertaining guide.

Mr. Colquhoun is becoming to a terrifying degree an expert, as experts go, on world policy. He has specialised on China, written the inevitable book on South Africa, summarised Central Asian history in a few pages, and now he introduces to the notice of his audience the Pacific Ocean. He modestly remarks that the present book is neither scientific nor historical, and he might with equal truth have stated that it is not always accurate or grammatical. But these trifles will probably be overlooked by a generous public, madly hunting for "efficiency." "The Mastery of the Pacific" is a most efficient piece of journalism, and its writer is justified in saying that it presents a picture of the conditions prevailing in the Pacific spheres of the Great Powers, of the state of the native peoples, and of the burning questions of the hour. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has already introduced great modifications in some of the problems at issue, and we take it that the work will be valuable rather as a brisk description of interesting and picturesque regions than as a political forecast. Mr. Colquhoun has travelled so widely in the Pacific that he has been able largely to discard the paste and scissors method that spoiled his work on South Africa: he is a shrewd observer, alive to the humorous side of things, and he writes with a fluency that is almost liquid. He has very little indeed to say of those South Sea Islands that interested Stevenson and Pierre Loti,

but devotes much attention to the Malay Archipelago, which has been somewhat neglected since Mr. Wallace's travels. The account of the task before the United States in the Philippines seems to us the best portion of the book. Mr. Colquhoun understands the Oriental character, and describes graphically the Filipino population, a medley of mongrel Malays with a pseudo-Latin veneer. When a nation embarks on such an adventure with complete inexperience, no efficient Civil Service and no means of raising one, a conceited, ill-informed, and omnipotent public, enthusiasm for universal education and the rights of man, and a keen desire to make a good thing out of it all from a business point of view—there is a good deal to amuse the friendly critic. If American politicians will only leave the men on the spot a free hand, their energy and common-sense may make something out of the islands. In any case, the States have now become an Asiatic power, and must henceforth be in close contact with

Russia, Germany, and Japan. The Japanese have an interesting experiment of their own in Formosa; and Mr. Colquhoun has watched them at close quarters. His account of the Dutch East Indies is vivid and not unsympathetic, but he evidently thinks that the Germans are at the gates. He points out the defects in French and German methods, but he is quite alive to the weaknesses in our own armour. The Germans and Americans are cutting us out in trade, and the new Commonwealth of Australia, if it cannot keep its so-called labour party in order, may easily combine the maximum of offence to foreign Powers with the minimum of service to the Empire. No reader interested in Imperial questions should miss Mr. Colquhoun's remarks on British Columbia, Singapore, and North Borneo. He does not venture on prophecy to any extent, and his book ought to convince people of the complexity and vital importance of Pacific affairs.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. XII.: EDWARD IV.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



THE SCENE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST. PETER'S DAY, 1461.

A CONTINENTAL STORY OF EASTER-TIDE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE LEGEND OF THE EASTER BELLS.

On the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Passion Week, the bells of the churches in Roman Catholic countries are silent, but wooden instruments, called "crécelles," are used to strike the hours and to give the summons to the Church services. In order that children may note the silence of the bells, they are told this legend: "You were sleeping this morning, and you did not see the angels passing over the belfry carrying the bells to Rome to be blessed at St. Peter's. Watch, and on Easter Day the angels will bring the bells back again." Then, when the bells peal for the Resurrection, the children are told that they have not watched attentively enough, or they would have seen the angels returning.

A SPANISH EASTER - TIDE CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



BURNING JUDAS IN EFFIGY AT SEVILLE.

At Easter it is the custom in Seville to prepare effigies of Judas clothed in ragged garments and wearing a hideous mask. These are hung across the "patios," or courts, of public buildings and private houses, and as soon as the bells are heard announcing the Resurrection, the holiday-making crowd pelt the figure with sticks and stones, throw guns at it, and finally set it on fire.



THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL DE WET, SCREENED BY A HERD OF CATTLE, RUSHING THE KROONSTAD-LINDLEY BLOCKHOUSE LINE, FEBRUARY 6.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

General De Wet, caught in the net of blockhouses bounded by the Heilbron Road and Frankfort on the north, by Kroonstad and Wolvehoek on the west, by Kroonstad and Lindley on the south, and by the Wilge River and Liebenberg Vlei on the east, made a daring escape through the line on the night of February 6. Having given a signal to his followers to scatter, he drove a herd of cattle against the barbed-wire fencing which protected the southern line, and in the confusion which ensued got safely through and escaped. The Boer loss was 350, and the guns lost by Firman's column on Christmas Day were recaptured.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I was reading the other day a volume on the history of Evolution, describing, among other things, the rise and progress of that system of thought which is now widely recognised under the name of Neo-Lamarckism. We are all agreed regarding the existence of a scheme or plan of living development, which we call by the general name of evolution. We see it represented equally in the unfolding of flower and leaf, and in the genesis of a butterfly or a frog. It supplies us with a master-key that unlocks many doors bounding the dark places of intellectual inquiry, and so far has revolutionised human thought, because it has made us understand the reason why of many an aspect of life. The evolutionist ought to be contented, on the Virgilian basis that he is happy who knows the causes of things.

Years ago, when Lord Salisbury, as President of the British Association, delivered himself of certain sarcasms regarding evolution, and devoted a good deal of perfectly irrelevant talk to the loves of a couple of supposititious primeval jellyfishes, the late Professor Huxley very neatly reminded his Lordship that if every theory of the mode of evolution were banished from the world, evolution itself would still remain a fact of creation. It is precisely this thought and truth that it is of great importance for everybody to note. Long ago Aristotle formulated notions that were akin to evolutionary doctrines. Sir Walter Raleigh, it was pointed out recently, declared himself an evolutionist by certain sapient deliverances to be met with in his works, on the variation of species of animals and plants. Buffon and Lamarck also, in their day, speculated regarding the nature of the forces that impelled animals and plants to undergo alteration and change. Robert Chambers in his "Vestiges of Creation" preceded Spencer and Darwin, who, independently of Wallace, formulated the theory of natural selection.

One of the main features of latter-day discussions concerning evolution, regarded in this latter sense, has been the battle-royal which is still fought between the disciples of Lamarck and those who pin their faith to Darwin's view of nature. The main point of divergence here may be said to centre around the question of the influence which the environment or surroundings of a species exerts upon its evolution. According to Darwin, the main way of evolution lies in the operation of natural selection. Here, it is contended, slow, gradual, minute, and fortuitous variations act by their accumulation in giving certain animals and plants a better chance in the struggle for existence than their neighbours which are not so favoured. Nature, it is held, "selects" such individuals for preservation because they are the best of their race, and on the principle of the survival of the fittest they survive, and transmit their variation to their descendants, thus in time developing new races and species. The gist of the Darwinian idea is therefore slow and infinitesimal variation, which Weismann holds only affects the germ-cells of the living being and leaves the body-cells untouched. The animal or plant is in the world, so to speak, but not of it, and the outward conditions of life are regarded as being of none effect in inducing variation.

But Darwin himself did not actually taboo the idea that an animal's surroundings were utterly without effect upon it, and Spencer certainly lays great stress on the environment as a potent cause of evolution. It was Lamarck, however, who initiated this idea; hence those who to-day regard natural selection as by no means the only factor in evolution are termed Neo-Lamarckians, because, agreeing with Lamarck, they bring all the knowledge of to-day to bear upon his interpretation of Nature's ways and works. The famous case of the neck of the giraffe serves as an illustration of the difference between the two main ideas of evolution. According to Darwin, the neck, which consists of seven vertebrae only—the same number found practically throughout the quadruped class; man included—has been evolved through the minute variation of countless dead and gone giraffes in the direction of elongation. It is obvious nobody can tell us what initiated the elongation. Darwinism is conveniently silent regarding beginnings, and it is also open to the criticism that as regards what determined neck-development as a favouring factor in early giraffe history, it has practically nothing to say. The fittest survive because Nature "selects" them, and on this view we are to see in the giraffe of to-day the result of successful living, in that the successive generations of growing necks held their own in the world, while those less fortunate went to the wall.

Lamarck, on the other hand, saw in the long neck of the giraffe a result of attempts to accommodate itself to its environment. Muscular strain acting for long epochs might induce this feature, and produce the extension of the ordinary seven vertebrae of the primitive stock. A groping after food, which, more plentiful on the trees than on the ground, might have started the action, and produced a condition in each generation such as would be handed on to the next: this is, at least, a view we can understand. It makes the primary cause of the evolution clear—an attempt at adaptation to the surroundings, seen equally in the case of the Alpine salamander, which out of numerous eggs only develops two, and these shed their gills inside the egg, and thus scuttle through their tadpole stage, because the animals live in dry and stony places where there is no water for gill-possessing forms to live in. It appears to me, if we are to follow the advice of the ultra-Darwinians, and to hold that an animal or plant is not affected by its surroundings, and that what alterations may be so produced are not transmitted to its descendants, we miss an explanation of her procedure that Nature is everywhere thrusting under our notice. There is ample evidence that the environment does bring about changes in living beings. If it is to be declared a mere matter of argument, the Neo-Lamarckians have at least as good a case as their Darwinian opponents, if not a better one.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F. M. EATINGON (Handsworth). Thanks for amended version, which shall be examined.

J. KELLY (Glasgow).—So far as we know, No. 3020 is quite correct.

W. T. PIERCE.—In No. 3, if Black play 1. K to Q 4th, there is a double continuation by 2. Q to K 5th, etc.

R. THOMAS (Kensington).—A problem is not necessarily impossible because you fail to solve it. In this case it has a solution, so you had better try again.

W. JOHNSTON (Eastbourne).—Certainly: send them, and we will examine them. We have no prejudices in favour of anybody.

C. VINCENT BERRY (Hemel Hempstead).—Thanks for problem.

S. FOLWELL.—You must look at the position again. You may take it as a rule that solutions that start with a check are always to be regarded with suspicion.

J. SAEIER (Cape Town).—If the games appear in book form we will advise you with pleasure.

H. A. SALWAY (St. John's Wood).—You must not think too much of a slip of that nature. It happens to every composer; and if there is any reflection in the matter, it is upon us for not discovering the flaw before publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3012 to 3014 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 3015 from J. Saeier (Cape Town); of No. 3016 from M. Shaidia Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3017 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3018 from J. Bailey (Newark), Miss Mulligan (Chicago), and Cedric and Leonard Owen; of No. 3019 from J. Bryden (Wimbledon), A. G. (Pancsova), Alpha, Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), J. Bailey (Newark), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), Clement C. Danby, Shadforth, and Eugene Henry (Nunhead); of No. 3020 from Clement C. Danby, Sydney Ellis (Handsworth), J. Bryden, A. G. (Pancsova), H. P. Phillips (Margate), Eugene Henry, Frank W. Atchinson (Crowthorne), H. Le Jeune, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford).

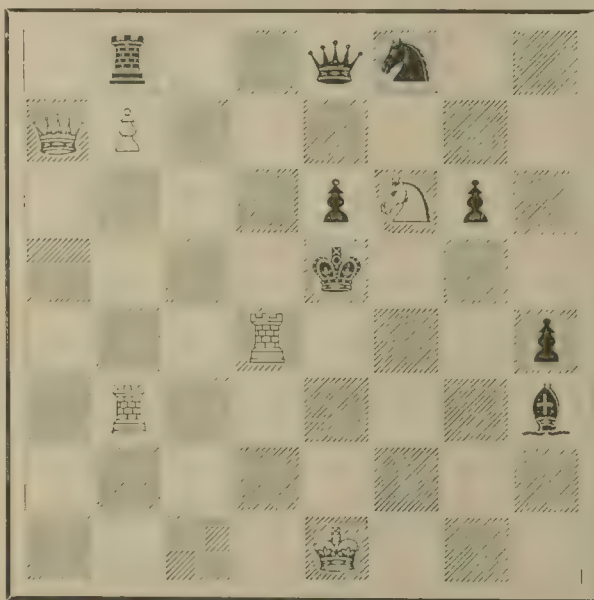
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3021 received from H. Le Jeune, T. G. (Ware), F. Dalby, Walter Allnutt (Mitcham), Shadforth, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), F. J. S. (Hampstead), J. Bryden (Wimbledon), Alpha, B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. Worters (Canterbury), Clement C. Danby, Hereward, H. S. Brandreth (San Remo), Charles Burnett, L. Desanges, W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Lance-Corporal T. Laxton (Windsor), Martin F. Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), T. Roberts, Thomas M. Eglinton (Handsworth), Reginald Gordon, Sorrento, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. F. G. Pietersen, E. J. Winter Wood, S. Jenkinson, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Anderson (Forest Gate), The Tid, Edith Corser (Reigate), John Kelly (Glasgow), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Charles Slade, J. Stanley James (Foots Cray), Thomas H. Knight (Greenwich), Rev. Robert Hee (Cowpen), and Eugene Henry (Nunhead).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3020.—BY HENRY WHITTEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 8th P to B 5th
2. R to K Kt 7th R to Q 8th (ch) or R takes P
3. R to Kt sq, mate
If Black play 1. P takes P, 2. R to R 7th, P to K 6th; 3. R to Kt sq, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3023.—BY W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. EISENBERG and PILLSBURY.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. R to B 7th	R takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. R to B 8th (ch)	K to B sq
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	22. R to Kt sq	Q takes H P
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	23. R takes P	Q to K 8th (ch)
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. P to B sq	Q to K 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. P to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q
7. Castles	Castles	26. R takes Q	R to Q sq
8. R to K sq	Kt to K B 3rd	27. R to B 7th	R to Q 3rd
9. Kt to K 5th		28. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q R 4th
		29. P to Q B 4th	

White now appears to get a well-developed game, with his Knight well posted in the centre.

10. P takes P P to B 4th

11. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt takes P

12. B to K Kt 5th B to K 3rd

13. Q to B 3rd B to K 2nd

14. B takes Kt B takes B

15. Q to R 5th P to K R 3rd

If P to K Kt 3rd, 16. Kt takes Kt P, R P takes Kt 17. B takes P is good enough. Black's game is growing difficult.

16. Kt to Kt 4th B takes K Kt

Otherwise 17. R takes B is threatened. There is much force in White's play at this point.

17. Q takes B B takes Kt

18. P takes B Q to R 4th

19. R to K 3rd K R to K sq

20. R takes R (ch)

An obvious move is R to Kt 3rd, against which the defence is not very apparent.

After 27. R to B 7th, Black's game seems hopeless, and this becomes the more apparent the closer it is examined. White has conducted his operations with much judgment and skill.

20. P to Q R 3rd Kt to Kt 5th

31. R to B 8th (ch) Kt to R 3rd

32. B takes P P to K 2nd

33. K to B sq P to B 4th

34. R to Q R 8th R to Q Kt 3rd

35. K to Kt 2nd K to Q 3rd

36. K to B 3rd K to B 4th

37. P to Kt 4th R to Kt 3rd

38. P takes P R takes P (ch)

39. K to K 4th R to B 5th (ch)

40. K to K 5th K to Kt 3rd

41. P to B 3rd Kt to B 2nd

42. R to Kt 8th (ch) K to B 4th

43. R to Q B 8th K to Kt 3rd

44. P to B 5th (ch) Resigns.

A new book on the openings, termed "The Chessplayer's Compendium," by Mr. W. Cook, the well-known compiler of the "Synopsis," is in course of publication, if a sufficient number of subscribers is forthcoming to justify the expense. A collection of 2000 examples continued to the twentieth move from games actually played by experts ought to guarantee the thoroughness of the work, and the arrangement is a model of clearness. The book will contain over 300 pages, and the price to subscribers will be 8s. 6d. The issue is limited to 500 copies.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

A RUSTIC CAPITALIST.

Granfeyther, so called by reason of his grey hair and bent back, lives in the heavily thatched cottage that fronts the river some quarter of a mile beyond Maychester, and he is a man of means and good repute. Time was when he worked on the land "forty year, man an' boy," never earning more than fourteen shillings a week, and took to himself a wife who bore him two boys before she departed to a sphere where work can hardly be so unceasing as she found it here. Soon after his wife's death a distant relative of Granfeyther died, leaving him some thirty pounds in money and three small cottages situated in the "Street," as the natives call Maychester Village. The net income from these tenements being no less than fourteen shillings a week, Granfeyther walked up to the Hall and told the master that he would work in future when he pleased, and at no other time. He bought a greyhound pup, had his own cottage re-thatched in parts where the starlings had honeycombed it with their nests, bought himself a walking-stick that had stood for nearly twenty years in the saddler's window in the street, and, well past his sixtieth year, settled down to lead the life of a country gentleman.

I must confess that Granfeyther has become proud in the days of his affluence. Though his attire is still unchanged, and he remains faithful to the stump of a clay pipe and the ill-smelling tobacco sold in the Wheatsheaf at threepence the ounce, his demeanour towards other men has changed. When the drought spoilt the cereal crops on the Hall lands last summer he sympathised with the owner of some two or three thousand acres, remarking that it was "main hard to depend on the land for a living," the inference being that an owner of houses and cash in the savings bank was in a better position. He patronises the Master of the Landshire Hunt, a choleric gentleman, whose sense of humour is not yet developed; and being a member of the Peculiar People's congregation, he has not hesitated, since he came into his fortune, to rouse the white-haired, good-natured Rector of Maychester to a sense of the error of his ways. Granfeyther's popularity has not diminished by reason of his eccentricities. A man who speaks "wunnerful straight-like" to squire, parson, and M.F.H. is not to be lightly esteemed, and there was some talk of electing Granfeyther to the parish council.

A fortnight ago Granfeyther's two sons came home, one invalided from Orange Colony, the other on short leave from H.M.S. *Loyalty*, which has just reached home after some years on a far station. In the days of his poverty—that is to say, the days when he worked for his fourteen shillings—Granfeyther was a stern parent, and he has not relaxed his discipline, because his boys are men. One is just six feet high, the other is an inch shorter; their father is rather under five feet, but he makes up in dignity for what he lacks in inches. Last week the young men asked me if they might shoot rabbits on some land of which I am shooting tenant. I gave permission, and attended to see the sport, shooting having become impossible for a time, because I had listened to the alarmists who declare that there is no salvation without vaccination. Granfeyther, leading his famous greyhound, which is a terror to the neighbourhood, though she stands in awe of her master, accompanied his sons. The morning was fine, and the prospects of sport were excellent.

"I've come wi' 'em," remarked Granfeyther; "to see they does no 'urt to nowt." And with this brief explanation he directed Jack, the soldier, to start the ferret at the far end of the hedge.

"Do ye come to heel, afore I kills ye, Ginger," he said to the greyhound; "hang me if I don't knock ye down!" And, under the influence of this persuasion, Ginger slunk to heel, and remained there until the first rabbit bolted, and was missed with each barrel by Charles, the sailor. Then Ginger went off at a pace that completely baffled poor Bunny, who was brought back in a couple of minutes.

"Do ye hould that spout aright, Charley, I tell 'ee," growled Granfeyther; "missed 'un twice." Perhaps the public reprimand was too much for the sailor; he missed another easy shot, and the rabbit was in a hole before Ginger had got into her full pace. Granfeyther turned red with anger. "Do ut agen," he spluttered, "an' hang me if I don't take the gun away from ye! Be that all they taught ye on board?"

"We didn't never git no rabbit-shootin' on board, feyther," said Charlie, with a sly wink at his brother.

"Get forard, and gie me none o' yer back-answers." We moved on, Jack scoring most. "A man what can 'it a Boer," said Granfeyther, "ought to 'it a ra'bit, 'cos they're very much alike, 'coidin' to what I've been told: shows a bit o' themselves, and then gets be'ind th' land like."

Presently the ferret remained in the earth, and the line-ferret showed it was some three yards in the bank under a big root. Soldier Jack is not strong enough to dig, so Charlie was deputed, and having no knowledge of field-work, sought to reach the ferret by digging through every root as the spade came to it. Granfeyther waxed sarcastic and then indignant.

At one o'clock Charlie had shot four rabbits to his brother's ten, and Ginger had coursed and caught five more. "Hang me!" remarked Granfeyther bitterly as my lad came over the field bringing some lunch to the shed at the far end, "hang me if my old Ginger ain't better nor me own son!" The short meal over, the young men took up their guns. "Put ut down, Charlie," said Granfeyther; "ye'll shoot no more this day."

"But, feyther," began poor Charlie, greatly distressed.

"Put it down, I tell 'ee," continued the old man; "ye can come and ferret for y'r brother, an' Ginger can catch th' rabbits that comes your side. An' if," added the old bent man to the muscular giant standing before him, "if I'd my stick wot I bought fr' Mr. Dennis the saddler when I come into me land an' me money, I'd gie ye jest the properest weltn' I hain't never gie ye yet f'r missin' all they ra'bits. Now do ye come an' ferrut, or go back to th' ouse."

And Charlie, with a sigh of regret and another sly wink at his brother, shouldered shovel and pick, and followed obediently to the selected hedge.

"I'm shamed on 'avin' such a boy," said Granfeyther to me as we walked along.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Sir Ernest Cassel's recent noble gift to the King for charity, applied by his Majesty to the cure of consumption, has turned public attention very strongly to the fact that this fell complaint, once considered practically incurable, is really one that can be hopefully treated by the simplest of methods—namely, by plentiful and unceasing administration of fresh air. Of course, in the medical management of this method there are many details studied and accessories of treatment that make it more than a mere matter of a consumptive person living out of doors. For one thing, the patients are encouraged, and almost compelled, to take an excessive quantity of food, especially in the form of milk, and this may easily derange the digestion, so that consumptive people cannot suppose with safety that all they have to do is to stop out of doors. But one thing it is suitable to impress upon us all as members of the lay public, and that is, prevention is better than cure, and the means of prevention is precisely the same as the fundamental portion of the cure—abundance of fresh air. Any young person who has a hereditary tendency to consumption—that is to say, whose parents or grandparents have any one of them died of the disease, ought to be sent and kept out of doors a great deal. Women, though the many popular stories in which the heroine dies gracefully of consumption might lead us to suppose differently, are much less liable to consumption than men. Very likely that fact depends less on a peculiarity of constitution than on the circumstance that the stuffy, choking, fatal occupations, such as bakers, knife-grinders, and other bad businesses for consumptives, are chiefly followed by men. But the fact is so; and there is also another most important and instructive point to be known as to the health of women in this respect, which carries the moral that I want to bring before my readers because of its practical utility.

Though men chiefly work at the dusty, dangerous trades, women are the more apt to be shut up day after day in stuffy rooms; and the fact that the class of workers among whom this dreadful disease makes the most ravages of any is the telegraphists at the large offices, and that the mortality among them has been much reduced by improvements in the ventilation of their crowded rooms, shows that it is not merely dust, but actual want of enough supplies of fresh air, that will cause the development of the disease. Now, the improvement in the health of women from their greater willingness and opportunity of recent years to take open-air exercise is so marked as actually to be startling. Our own Registrar-General tells us in his last report (1899)—“The male death-rate from consumption in the year referred to was lower by 5 per cent., but the female death-rate was lower by no less than 12 per cent. than the mean death-rate for the two sexes in the ten years preceding. In both sexes the reduction has been greatest at ages under thirty-five.” The real meaning of this has been



A SMART THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COAT.

pointed out by the medical secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health. He finds in America exactly the same thing that our English figures show—namely, that while both sexes have improved in regard to the loss from this disease, women have gained in health far more than men. He has prepared a set of tables going back year by year right to 1851, and he finds out that the reduction in the death-rate of women as compared with that of men is marked and steady in each year from 1890. In 1851 there were many more female than male deaths from phthisis in Massachusetts—that is to say, there were 1451 to every 1000 males, and at about this rate the sexes continued for years after; but in 1890 it came down to be only 1055 females to each 1000 males; and by 1895 the figures had been reversed, and there were only 974 female deaths to the 1000 male deaths from this cause. Dr. Abbott thinks that the lesson is clear. The improvement is contemporaneous with the increased fashion for active open-air exercise for women, and becomes notable at the very time when the introduction of the safety-bicycle made this means of taking vigorous exercise in the open air available to female riders. We need not immediately, therefore, all rush off to learn to cycle certainly, but we unquestionably may take the moral to heart for our children no less than for ourselves. Fresh air is the way to save girls, no less than boys, from an early death by one of the most distressing and odious of diseases—for such consumption is when removed from the false glamour of the novelist's “gentle decline.”

Some credit must be given, however, to our greater sense in the matter of dress. Which was cause and which was effect—the silly dressing with low necks and thin-soled, strapped shoes for daily wear, or the lack of open-air exercise? We may be silly, but our foremothers, the ladies of the later Georgian and early Victorian periods, dressed themselves worse than we do now. The only fault, in fact, that hygienists can find with the dress of women to-day is the long skirt. The Melbourne Board of Health has issued an ordinance of remonstrance against this fashion, urging women to disuse it for street wear, as it is so unhealthy for their homes for the mistresses to sweep up and take indoors the dust of the street. I certainly think the case is exaggerated; no cleanly woman lets her long gown trail out of doors. It is true, however, that the underskirts also must be worn very long for grace with a trained overskirt, and no doubt the petticoats do very often touch the ground. But we are still as a sex not emancipated enough to forego elegance in favour of health. And a trained gown is stately and graceful: ask the Judges, the Archbishops, and the Speaker of the House of Commons! Man himself on occasions when he would be most stately wears long flowing robes!

Thoroughly successful was the Exhibition and Sale of Irish Industries held on St. Patrick's Day in the magnificent house of the Marquis of Salisbury in Arlington Street, kindly lent for the occasion. It was not a bazaar with all the goods marked at fancy prices, but a genuine

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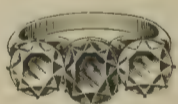
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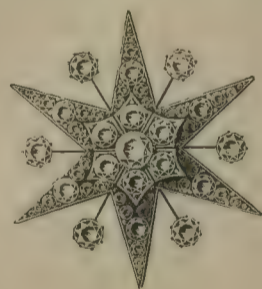
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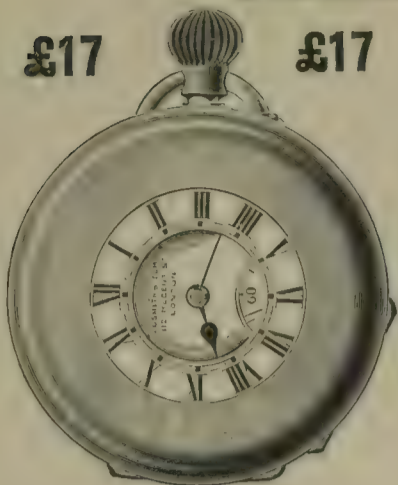
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own cigarettes?"

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sale of the truly beautiful Irish productions. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the Exhibition, the Princess being attired in a tasteful gown of soft grey voile of a somewhat dark shade, embroidered in the same colour, the trimming on the bodice simulating a bolero. The front was of white silk and lace. The dainty toque was composed of white lace and sequins, trimmed with heliotrope chiffon. Her Royal Highness's costume was most appropriately finished by a spray of natural shamrock worn at the breast. Many exquisite dresses were to be seen at this gathering. The Countess of Aberdeen, who was in 1886 the founder of the Irish Industries Association, wore a dress formed entirely of alternate bands of black lace and dark blue poplin. Her toque was blue trimmed with foliage. Lady Garvagh, who presided over the stall where the South Derry industries were exhibited, was attired in a dress of white lace. The skirt was in the form of a tunic to within about a foot from the ground, a lattice-work of narrow black velvet ribbon being placed at regular intervals round the edge. Beneath this tunic flowed out voluminous frills of chiffon, each edged with the black ribbon. The bodice was composed of a small lace bolero, having the crossed ribbon down the front, the bolero being held across the bust by a diamond brooch, beneath it showing a dainty vest of tucked chiffon. A pink straw hat trimmed with roses and large jet ornaments was the one touch of colour to this charming costume. A thoroughly up-to-date dress was of finely tucked glacé silk, the skirt made in three flounces, each edged with a couple of bands of black velvet ribbon. The bodice was tight-fitting, with tiny postilion-tails. There was a wide collar of chiné silk, with wider lace showing beneath it, and forming a rosette with hanging ends on the bust. The sleeves were slit up the back as far as the elbow, and laced across full puffs of chiné silk by means of black ribbon. A charming dress, worn by a young brunette, was in red alpaca, the skirt trimmed by lengthways bands of black-and-white spotted ribbon. A collar of thick Irish lace formed square lappets in front, ending on a level with the lower edge of the transparent lace yoke. Here the alpaca was set into a series of gathers, and from thence fell in full folds over the Swiss waistbelt.

A lovely Paris model evening dress has been shown me in confidence. It has a tight-fitting Princess under-dress of rose-pink satin, over which is loosely placed an Empire robe of transparent cream gauze encrusted at frequent intervals over its surface with leaves and flowers of black velvet embroidered on with tiny pink beads, and between these black motifs appear hand-painted clusters of pale pink roses with their green leaves. Round the top of the short Empire bodice fine black lace is draped; it is edged along the top with a strip of glittering pink bead passementerie, while the band that holds the bodice in under the bust is embroidered with the black velvet and pink beads; but a large cluster of roses set at the left shoulder half conceals the



A THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COAT WITH TUCKS.

other decorations of the décolletage. The sleeves are a short puff of the black lace falling on the arm, and a strap over the shoulder of the bead trimming. Round the feet, under the lace, are several frills of black gauze. The whole combination of white, black, and pink is decidedly chic. Another beautiful dinner-gown is white satin veiled with black net embroidered down with lines of jet and flecked with paillettes of jet between. Over the white satin bodice are drawn scarves of black and white tulle, and a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley fixes them at the bust, leaving the sides of the square opening to be adorned with diamond brooches. Many jewels are, in fact, indispensable to making a proper appearance in the evening according to present fashion; so any woman whose jewel-box is inadequately filled must make haste to avail herself of the beautiful ornaments prepared by the celebrated Parisian Diamond Company, and to be seen at any of the company's establishments—namely, 143, Regent Street; 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade; and 85, New Bond Street. They manufacture everything in the best of taste, and keep up to date in their designs, too, so that nobody can go wrong in purchasing any of their productions, large or small. A truly regal ornament is now being shown in one of the artistically draped windows of the Regent Street establishment, that is well worth a visit. It is difficult to know under what name best to describe this magnificent piece, which produces much the effect of a bolero in front, while the broad bands that pass over the shoulders gradually narrow until they are held together by a large emerald in the centre of the waistline at the back. The whole design is carried out in diamonds and emeralds in a charming Louis pattern. An uncommon effect is produced by the introduction of square and cabochon or smooth emeralds in combination with those of the more ordinary type. The hanging ends in front are edged by a fringe of diamonds, each strand ending in a gem of particularly large size. The entire corsage forms a brilliant spectacle.

The extremely smart three-quarter-length coats here depicted are both formed of black glacé silk. The material of the first is laid in pleats throughout, the panels at the front and sides being decorated with velvet bows finished by little gold tags. The collar and cuffs are of velvet finished with lace. The toque consists of white lace and flowers. The second coat is ornamented by large tucks. The front falls loose in long ends, which are edged by strappings of velvet. There is a deep collar of lace, and frills of the same material.

Every hostess will be glad to hear of a new variety of cheese that will serve to break the somewhat unavoidable monotony of this course in a meal. "Ye cheese of St. Ival" is the same in consistency as a cream cheese—soft, smooth, and rich—but instead of having the sour or curdy flavour that is so apt to render this variety unpalatable, it is like in flavour to the very finest English Cheddar. It is made only at Yeovil, in Somerset, but can be obtained at all provision-dealers. FILOMENA.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The health of Dr. Temple is improving, and it is hoped that three weeks' rest at Canterbury will completely restore him. He suffered from a sharp attack of rheumatism in the knees, and for some days could only move about his house in a Bath chair. His most serious disability is his weakened eyesight; but I am glad to hear that there has been a slight but decided improvement in this respect within the last few months.

There was a very large attendance at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, on the evening of Passion Sunday, when the Bishop of Durham preached. Dr. Moule was looking remarkably well, and his voice was heard to much better advantage than in his occasional sermons at Westminster Abbey. Many paragraphs have been appearing about the cope which the ladies of the Durham diocese are to present to the Bishop for the Coronation. I understand that it is his intention to regard the cope as the possession of the see. It will be handed on to his successors, and will be used only on State occasions.

The Mansion House meeting for the East London Church Fund was remarkably successful. It was addressed by the Bishops of London, Stepney, and Islington, and by Viscount Goschen. Readers of Archbishop Benson's Life will remember the passage in his diary in which he records a talk with



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE NEW NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, MARCH 19.

The formal opening of the National Physical Laboratory took place in the Engineering Laboratory of Bushy House, which was suitably decorated with trophies of flags and hanging banners. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who had driven from London in an open landau, arrived at four o'clock, and were received by Sir William Huggins, President of the Royal Society, Lord Rayleigh, and other gentlemen.

Lord Goschen on the needs of the Church of England. The statesman insisted that good preaching was the supreme need of the Church, and that Bishops should do more to train a preaching clergy.

There has been ample variety in the list of Lenten preachers at St. Paul's this year. The High Churchman had an opportunity of hearing Father Dolling at the Cathedral, and the Low Churchman of hearing Bishop Taylor Smith; and this week the pulpit is occupied by the Bishop of London, whose faculty for being "all things to all men" is wonderful. The course of sermons delivered by Dr. Bigg, of Christ Church, Oxford, last week, attracted considerable attention. Many clergymen went to hear his carefully prepared discourses.

Arrangements have been made for the holding of a service to commemorate the complete restoration of Peterborough Cathedral in July. The works have been in progress eighteen years, and have cost over £80,000.

The Bishop of Lucknow, in a recent charge to his clergy, gave some valuable figures with regard to the spread of Christianity in his diocese. He stated that the total number of native Christians in the district was 68,841. Ten years ago it was 23,406, and twenty years ago it was only 11,823. It had therefore nearly trebled in the course of ten years.

Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

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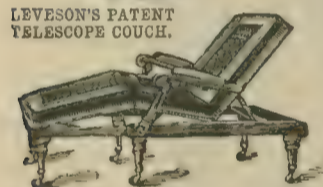


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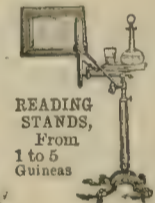
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MUSIC.

On Saturday, March 22, the Children's Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Percy Armytage, gave their annual concert in the Westminster Town Hall. This orchestra, considering the fact that it is recruited from little girls from the age of five and six to the growing-up girl of eighteen or nineteen, is worthy of all praise. It plays with vitality and precision of time, and some distinction of phrasing. The programme began with a finished performance of the Overture from Handel's "Samson" and the andante vivace, and minuet movements from the No. 7 Symphony of Haydn. A selection of "Pinafore" was brightly rendered, the organ part being played by an "extra-honorary" member, Miss Agnes Channell. Miss Lily Helger, who has been excellently taught, sang a song of Teresa del Riego, "Harmony," the "Habanera" song from "Carmen"—that was a little beyond her powers—and a song of A. Wakefield, "A Bunch of Cowslips." The orchestra ended the concert with an admirable performance of the "Czardas" Danse Styrienne of Michiels.

The winter season of music is dead. The last Saturday Popular Concert of the series of 1901-02 was given on March 22. Herr Ondricek led the opening Quartet in G major of Dvorák, and the remaining performers were Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and Mr. Paul Ludwig. It is a quartet full of beauty and pathos, and is always welcome on a programme. Mr. Kennerly Rumford selected three from the four

"Serious Songs" of Brahms, set to the most melancholy verses of Ecclesiastes. He sang them well, but they are not very interesting. They will probably never be popular on a concert-room platform. Mr. Leonard Borwick, with his usual dainty perfection of performance, played a sonata in D major of Mozart. Herr Ondricek chose for his solo the sonata of Tartini, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," that Tartini himself attributed to a dream, in which his Satanic Majesty appeared to him and played a melody of such surpassing beauty that it was more wonderful than anything he had ever dreamed of. On waking, so vivid was the music that he sought immediately to reproduce it, but it faded from his memory. This sonata is considered, nevertheless, the best of his works. So little, however, did it satisfy Tartini that he declared bitterly he would have renounced music for ever, and have broken his violin, could he have subsisted by any other means. Mr. Kennerly Rumford then, as light relief from his other songs, sang the Swallow Song of Sullivan, and "Did one but know" of Maude Valerie White. Mr. Paul Ludwig played a not very illuminating elegy of Liddle and a "Perpetuum Mobile" of Fitzenhagen. The concert finished with a beautifully balanced rendering of the Quintet in E flat of Schumann, in which Mr. Leonard Borwick played the pianoforte part. This quintet was first given in the St. James's Hall in 1862, and has been welcomed by lovers of music ever since.

Miss Dorothy Maggs gave her second pianoforte recital at the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of

Wednesday, March 19. Her playing is distinguished, her touch sympathetic and clear, and her phrasing admirable. She played as solos a toccata and fugue of Bach-Tausig, a romance of Schumann, and an étude on wrong notes of Rubinstein. The "Kreutzer Sonata," in which she was at her very best, she played with Herr Franz Ondricek; and in the uncouth, painfully harmonised Ballade in G minor of Grieg she showed much force and verve. Madame Amy Sherwin assisted her, and sang with her usual charm. M. I. H.

Messrs. S. and P. Erard, of 18, Great Marlborough Street, who have held royal warrants since the reign of George III., and who have recently been honoured with special warrants of appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen, have now received a special warrant of appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

For the Easter holidays the Brighton and South Coast Railway will issue special cheap week-end tickets on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 27 to 30, available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to and including Easter Tuesday; and will run a cyclists' special cheap train from Victoria, Good Friday, to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead, and Easter Sunday to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham. Special cheap tickets, London to Dieppe, will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 27 to 31, available for return up to and including Tuesday night, April 1.

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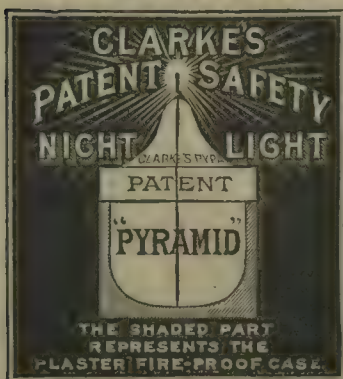
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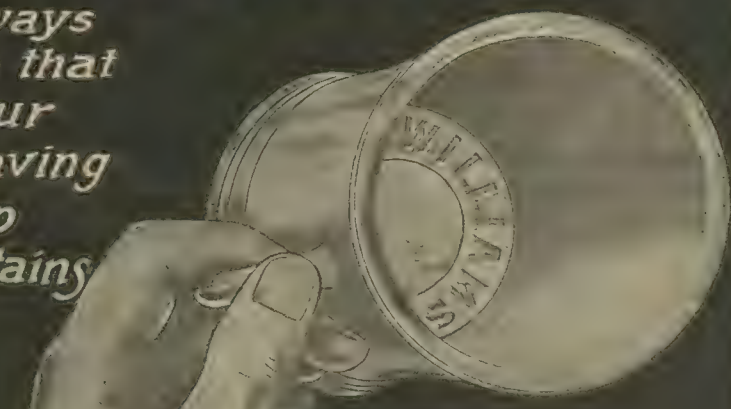
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 5, 1899) of Mr. Theodore Anthony Vlasto, of Bonnevaire, Sefton Park, Liverpool, a member of the firm of Ralli Brothers, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on March 17 by Mrs. Marietta Vlasto, the widow, Theodore Pandia Ralli, John Pandia Scaramanga, and Pandely Leonidas Argenti, the executors, the value of the estate being £162,404. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture to his wife; £50 each to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary and the Children's Convalescent Home (West Kirby); £1000 to the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Nicholas (Liverpool) in aid of the debt thereon, but should such debt be extinguished, then for the repairing and beautifying thereof; £200 to the Queen's Hospital (Crete); and £200 to Prince George of Crete for the support of agricultural and industrial or other schools in the island. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated March 19, 1901), with three codicils (dated June 3 and Oct. 17, 1901, and Jan. 30, 1902), of Frederick Temple, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, K.P., G.C.B., of Clandeboyne, County Down, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on March 17 by Lady Dufferin, the widow, Ronald Cranford Munro Ferguson, M.P., the son-in-law, and Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Temple Rowan Hamilton, the executors, the value of the estate being £108,548 9s. 8d. The testator settles the Clandeboyne estate and all other his real and leasehold property on his eldest son, but, by the provisions of his marriage settlement, charged with the payment of a jointure of £2500 per annum to Lady Dufferin, and the furniture, plate, presentation articles, etc., are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. He gives £5000 and his letters and documents, live and dead stock, and wines to his wife; £9000 each to his sons, Ian Basil and Frederick; and £5000 each to his daughters, Lady Hermione Blackwood and Lady Plunkett, a like sum of £5000 having already been settled on his other daughter, Lady Helen

Munro-Ferguson. The residue of his personal property is to follow the trusts of his real estate.

The will (dated June 22, 1898), with three codicils (dated May 25 and Oct. 6, 1899, and Oct. 30, 1900), of Miss Ann Marston, of 95, Onslow Square, S.W., who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 27 by Henry Toyhbee, Miss Annie Goff, and William Henry Theobald, the executors, the value of the estate being £61,287. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Women's Medical Mission, Ceylon; £4000 to the Moravian Mission; £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000 to the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children; £1000 to the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; £8000 to the India Female Normal School, now called the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission; £3000 to the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India; £750 to the Home and Colonial School Society; £2000 to the Central Turkey College (Anitab, Syria); £1000 to the British Union for the Total Abolition of Vivisection; £4000 to the American

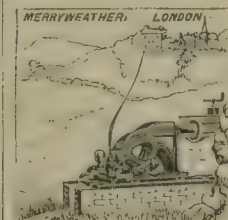
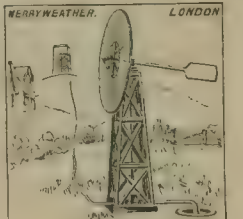
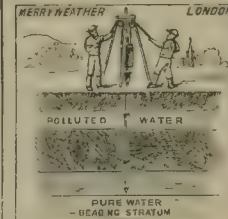
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9 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 3 in.	£ 2 2	12 ft. 1 in. by 9 ft. 1 in.	£ 3 2	15 ft. 5 in. by 10 ft. 4 in.	£ 4 9
9 ft. 4 in. by 6 ft. 4 in.	£ 2 2	13 ft. 1 in. by 10 ft. 2 in.	£ 3 14	15 ft. 2 in. by 12 ft. 3 in.	£ 5 4
9 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 3 in.	£ 1 15	13 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 2 in.	£ 3 13	15 ft. 4 in. by 11 ft. 9 in.	£ 6 0
10 ft. 5 in. by 7 ft. 4 in.	£ 2 11	13 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft. 7 in.	£ 3 10	15 ft. 9 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.	£ 6 0
10 ft. 0 in. by 8 ft. 6 in.	£ 2 17	13 ft. 5 in. by 9 ft. 5 in.	£ 3 10	15 ft. 3 in. by 12 ft. 4 in.	£ 5 18
10 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 3 in.	£ 2 0	13 ft. 2 in. by 10 ft. 0 in.	£ 3 14	15 ft. 5 in. by 10 ft. 3 in.	£ 4 3
10 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 3 in.	£ 2 4	13 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft. 5 in.	£ 3 15	15 ft. 2 in. by 12 ft. 2 in.	£ 5 13
12 ft. 4 in. by 9 ft. 2 in.	£ 3 10	13 ft. 2 in. by 9 ft. 3 in.	£ 3 14	15 ft. 4 in. by 9 ft. 4 in.	£ 4 0
12 ft. 2 in. by 9 ft. 3 in.	£ 3 3	13 ft. 4 in. by 10 ft. 4 in.	£ 3 17	15 ft. 7 in. by 10 ft. 2 in.	£ 4 8
12 ft. 5 in. by 10 ft. 4 in.	£ 4 13	13 ft. 5 in. by 9 ft. 3 in.	£ 3 9	15 ft. 1 in. by 11 ft. 10 in.	£ 4 19
12 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 3 in.	£ 3 4	13 ft. 4 in. by 10 ft. 3 in.	£ 3 16	15 ft. 2 in. by 12 ft. 4 in.	£ 5 4
12 ft. 4 in. by 12 ft. 5 in.	£ 4 5	13 ft. 2 in. by 11 ft. 4 in.	£ 4 4	15 ft. 3 in. by 12 ft. 3 in.	£ 5 3
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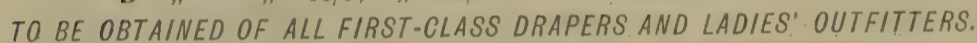
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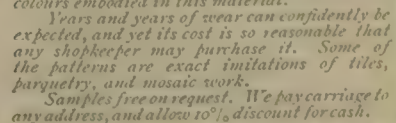
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The will (dated March 1, 1901), with a codicil (dated Aug. 28 following), of Mrs. Ellen Georgiana Tate, widow of the Rev. Prebendary Tate, of Widcombe Manor, Bath, who died on Dec. 7, has been proved by Miss Gertrude Eliza Crawley, the niece, and Major Henry George Ricardo, R.A., the executors, the value of the estate

being £37,059. The testatrix gives £4000 to William Parry Crawley; £2000 each to Ellen Ricardo, Marian Crawley, and Louisa Constable; £1000 each, upon trust, for Charles William Crawley and Mary Eleanor Crawley; her East Indian and Eastern Bengal Railway Annuities, upon trust, for Helen Elizabeth Rodman Abbey, for life, and then upon further trusts for Mary Eleanor Crawley and Charles William Crawley; £500 to Mary Gertrude Crawley; £200 each to her executors; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between William Parry Crawley, Mary Feetham, Ellen Ricardo, Harriet Fishbourn, Gertrude Crawley, Marian Crawley, Louisa Constable, and Sophia Crawley.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1899), with five codicils (dated Aug. 14, 1899, Feb. 6 and April 25, 1900, and March 5 and Nov. 12, 1901), of Miss Lucy Elizabeth

Buckle, of The Chestnuts, Howden, Yorks, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Feb. 22 by Henry Green and the Rev. Joseph Johnson Littlewood, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £27,715. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the East Riding Clergy Charity; £1000 each to the Hull Infirmary and the Leeds Infirmary; £400, upon trust, to apply the income in the purchase of blankets, clothing, bread, or coals to be distributed among the deserving poor of Howden; £250 each to the York County Hospital and the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; £1000 to Mrs. Lucy Harriet Booth; but should she predecease the testatrix, then for Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £1800 to Captain Arthur Poole; her residence, with the furniture, etc., and £8000 to Nurse Richmond; and a few small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to the Rev. Joseph Johnson Littlewood and his sisters Agnes and Isabel.

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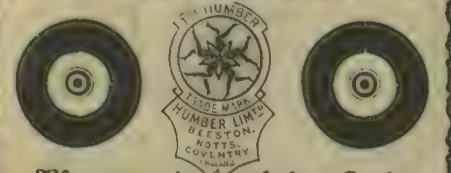
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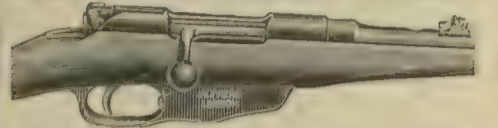
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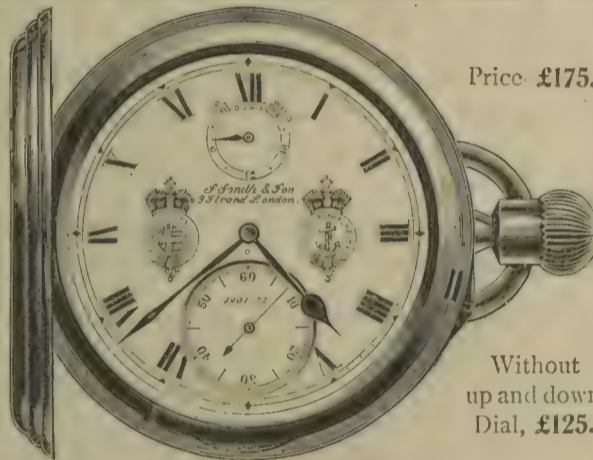
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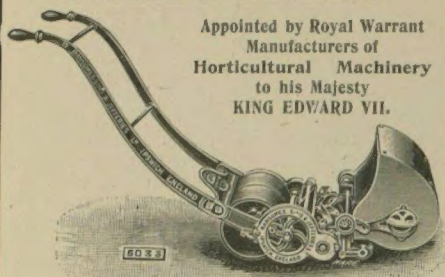
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Manufacturers of
Horticultural Machinery
to his Majesty
KING EDWARD VII.



LAWN MOWERS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

All sizes to suit every requirement.

"PATENT GEAR AND CHAIN AUTOMATONS," with patented improvements possessed by no other machines. 8 to 24 in. wide.

The "EMPIRE" Mower.—The Best Side-wheel Machine for highest-class work. 10 to 16 in. wide.

"ANGLO-PARIS" and "LION."—Light, Cheap, and Durable. 6 to 20 inches.

"HORSE AND PONY" MOWERS.
New Patterns and Patent Spring Handles. Made in 6 sizes, 26 to 48 inches.

SUPPLIED BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

Ransomes, Sims & Jefferies, Ltd., Ipswich.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take.

TAMAR

INDIEN

GRILLON,

FOR

CONSTIPATION,

Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box 2s. 6d.

The *Lancet*, Oct. 12, 1889, says: "The medicament most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An aperient which is as good as a bonbon from Boissier or Siraudin is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."

HOVIS

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always has a very pleasant,
appetising flavour, and its use
at all meals is a wise choice,
for it is as good as it is nice.

Most Family Bakers make it daily.
Further particulars from Hovis, Ltd., Macclesfield.

NOTE.—Every genuine loaf is stamped "HOVIS."



THE

'Dartring' Brand

appears on all the original genuine

'Lanoline' Preparations.

'DARTRING'

'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP

beautifies roughened hands and faces,
making the skin clear and soft. The
'Lanoline' is quickly absorbed, taking
the place of the fat washed out by
the soap.

Of all chemists, 6d. per cake; 1s. 6d. per box of 3 cakes.

Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

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THE ORIGINAL FIRM.
Established
1838.



Silver,
£10 10s.

Lady's Case, in Leather, lined with Silk, convenient size, 16 in., fully fitted with handsomely chased Silver Fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

FISHER, 188, STRAND.**Southalls'**

SANITARY. ABSORBENT. ANTISEPTIC.
and of DOWNY SOFTNESS.

Towels

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

IN PACKETS containing one dozen, from 6d. to 2/- each.

From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists.
A Sample Packet containing three size O, and one each size, 1, 2 & 4 Towels
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LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM.

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INFECTIOUS DISEASES, as Smallpox, &c., are best safeguarded
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**FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
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Is the only Cocoa on this
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awarded the

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Chocolate, the most
Refined and Up-to-date
Milk Chocolate in the
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FOR LADIES & GENTLE-
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Carriage Paid to all Parts.		Cash, or 12 Monthly Payments.	
27 5s. or 18s. 4d. Monthly	7 5s. or 13 4s. Monthly	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	7 5s. or 13 4s. Monthly	7 5s. or 13 4s. Monthly	7 5s. or 13 4s. Monthly
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SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
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FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A. T. MILLER, R.N.

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OF

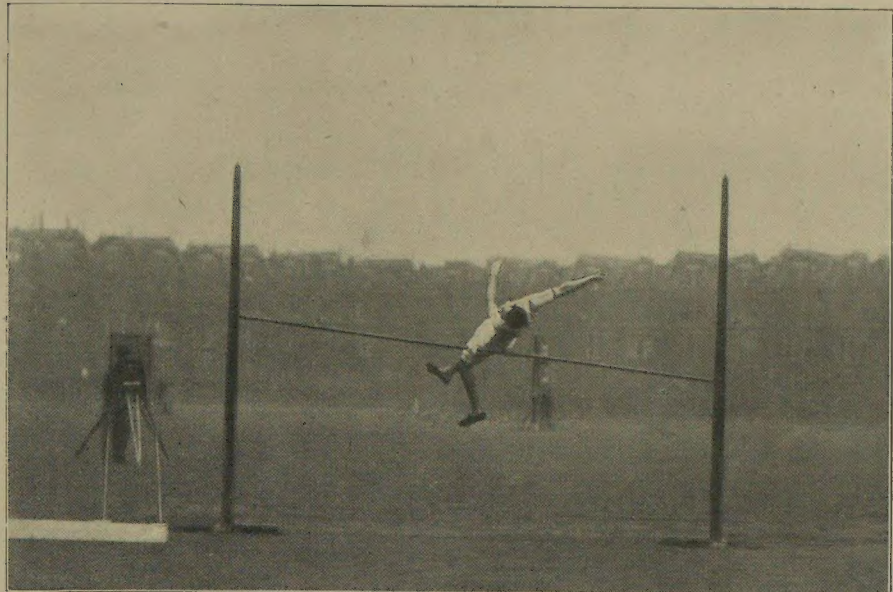
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CYCLES & MOTORS

Now open at the New Depot,
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ADMISSION FREE. Latest patterns of the
Celebrated "Modele de Luxe" Cycles.
Highest Grade. Prices reduced.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB, MARCH 21.



THE HIGH JUMP: G. HOWARD-SMITH (C.) CLEARS 5 FT. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ IN., AND WINS.

Photo, Baker.



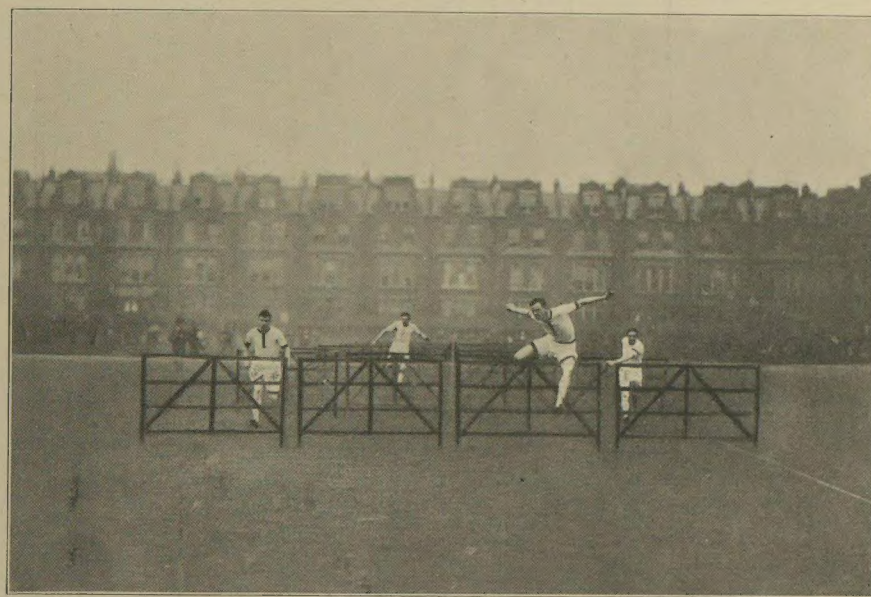
THE HIGH JUMP: C. S. DOORLY (C.), 2.

Photo, Baker.



PUTTING THE WEIGHT: W. W. COE (O.) PUTS 43 FT. 10 IN.

Photo, Baker.



THE HURDLE RACE: G. R. GARNIER (O.) WINS EASILY.

Photo, Stearn.



THE QUARTER-MILE: R. W. BARCLAY (C.) WINS; L. J. CORNISH (O.), 2; J. CHURCHILL (C.), 3.

Photo, Stearn.



THE MILE: E. L. GAY-ROBERTS (O.) WINS; F. G. COCKSHOT (C.), 2; H. E. HOLDING (O.), 3.

Photo, Baker.



THE HUNDRED YARDS: R. W. BARCLAY (C.) WINS; J. CHURCHILL (C.), 2;
L. J. CORNISH (O.), 3.

Photo, Stearn.



THE THREE MILES: H. W. GREGSON (C.) WINS; H. P. W. MAGNAGHTEN (C.), 2;
R. R. HUYSE (O.), 3.

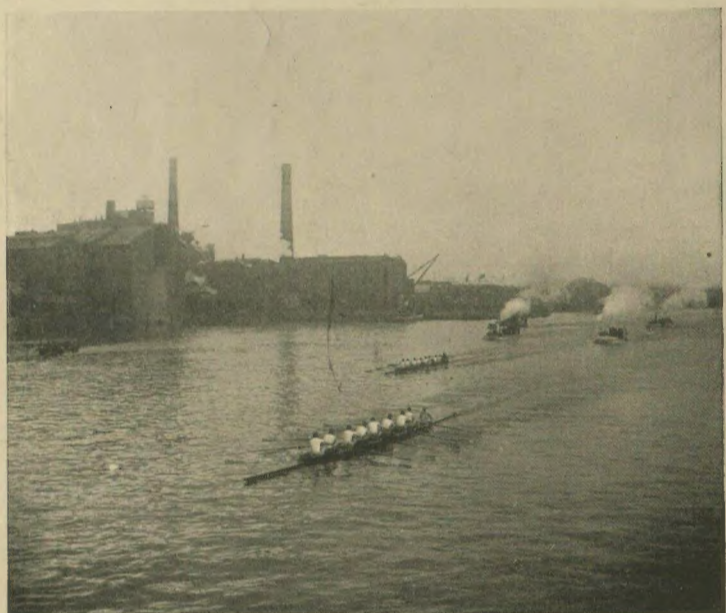
Photo, Baker.



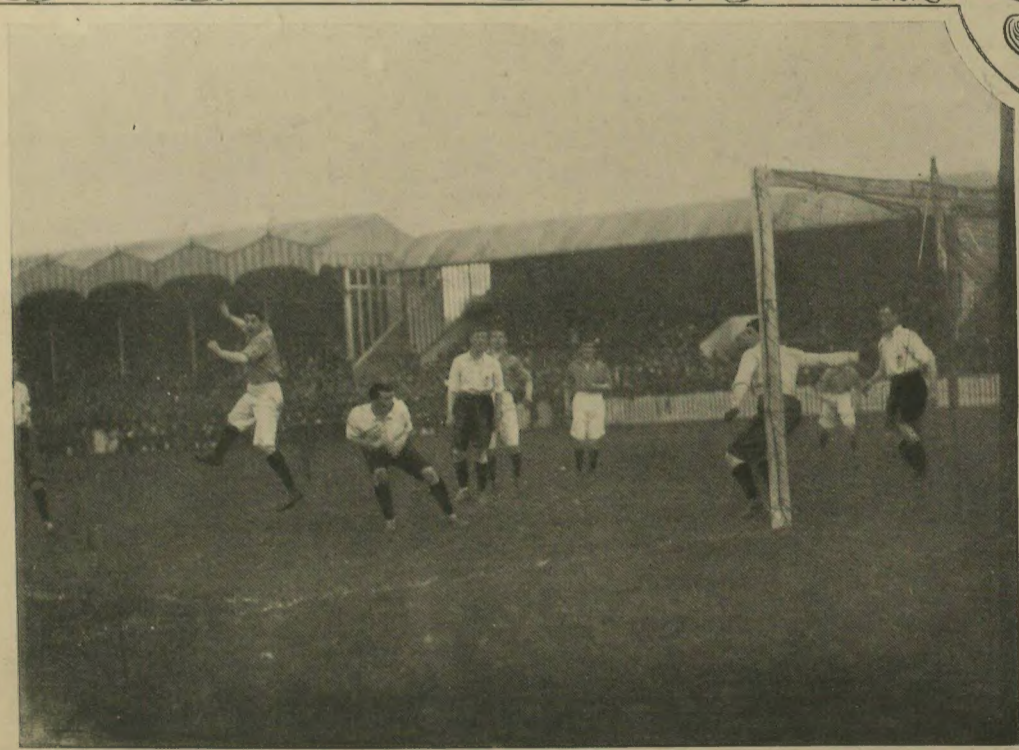
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE OF 1902: THE CREWS PASSING THORNEYCROFT'S, CAMBRIDGE LEADING.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Among the spectators a group of Japanese naval officers accompanied the officials of the great torpedo-boat building company.



RECENT
SPORTING
EVENTS.



THE NEW MANCHESTER RACECOURSE AT CASTLE IRWELL, HIGHER BROUGHTON: THE GRAND STAND AND COUNTY CLUB ENCLOSURE.—[Photo. Banks, Manchester.]

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE, MARCH 22: THE CREWS BETWEEN PUTNEY AND HAMMERSMITH.—[Photo. Stearn.]

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: ENGLAND V. IRELAND AT BELFAST, MARCH 22: AT THE ENGLISH GOAL.—[Photo. Topping.]

F. J. V. HOPLEY, (Harrow). Winner of Heavy Weights. C. N. HOOPER (St. Paul's). Winner of Feather Weights.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BOXING AND GYMNASTIC COMPETITIONS AT ALDERSHOT, MARCH 21.—[Photo. Knight, Aldershot.]

THE GRAND NATIONAL, MARCH 21: MR. A. GORHAM LEADING-IN SHANNON LASS, THE WINNER.—[Photo. M. Cook.]